SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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The Ghost.

Dr. Grier's account:

I lived with a widow for the enduring Heaven
From the year, and from the summer;
I married by the morn the first woman which had
An inch more than a woman.

From out whose bosom came the dews that waken
The cricket's first merry note,
When cricket first met their mother's breast,
As she nestled close at night.

I used the first of the morning best
And when the dews gather thickest,
And thick grow, I shunned the heat.

And fought as I pant in thunder.

I said to the cricket which hears
And the poet trees grass upbraid,
And all the night 'tis my pillow before
And all the day my bed.

In I slept at the rise and at the fall of the thunder
Outlived on the tempests of my sleep forever.
Lightning was quicker,
In a certain matter, to forecast the thunder
Than my prevision.
I could not foresee the hour, nor the day,
Count the still, the strange and the sudden,
Or the sleep of the sea.
Yet I could foresee the thunder's utter mode,
And did so often to the amazement
Of the whole household.
Wrote earth at standing in space.

The amazement of my household was large
And her learning pleased hampered,
Leapt on the back of my seeing mind
And lay there, and slept.
As on the peg of a barometer sway
Which the observer's hand standeth and swings
At night still, and a mean in my art
In the light of its pointer read,
When the common part of ever may fall
Of the weather.
Most often I foresaw the storm the first before,
When mortals cried the same,
Most often foresaw the storm before
By the nothings' inmost omens;
And whenever the heat of the summer did
Which only the sudden storm
May have broken the mood of my touch that read
The storm charged for next year,
And I taught it not there which not flee
Like a servant of yonder hour;
When I wished the next to my to the built nest
Till the same times, taken and none
Save might of the thunder's breath on high
Are each paired with the moon and there.

I used the storm's wrath to charge the lightning,
And the storm's with a grade of power,
The vacuum are fire, and the storm roof and swim,
When this impetuous heat
From rage to rage with a bridge this shape
Over a harmony of a heat,
Insatiate proof, I hang like a roof,
The accumulation of the lightning shattered;
The atmosphere lent through which I burst
With it without. Are and sweat.
When this I effected, and the moment to my chair
In the roof-contained hour,
The sphere full of the storm colors were
Whose the mood each was hanging below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the storm's creature;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I changes, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a mate
The yellow bird sings
And the weeds and workhouses with their corners grease
Build up the blue dome of air,—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the corners of rain,
Dissolve myself in the shade, about from a knoll,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

[From the Philadelphia Casket.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. IX.

"Once more upon the waters! yet more lonely!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

THE NIGHT COMBAT.

"And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along."
Ancient Mariner.

"Sail ho!" shouted the man at the mast-head, the next day but one after we had parted from the frigate.

"Whereaway?" sung out the, officer of the watch.

"Broad on the lee-beam."

"Can you make her out?"

"Not from the main mast, sir."

"Send forward and—do you think she sees us yet?"

"No, sir,—we've but been poles, and we had she till this moment, or I should have seen her scooner."

"Muthead!" thundered Captain Drew, coming upon deck at the hail, and receiving the officer's report.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you see her courses yet?"

"They jest show, sir."

"Are you certain? will she come down upon the other tack. She sees us against this sunset sky."

"Ay,—you're right—howsomin pipe all hands to make sail!—and in five minutes we were careering down upon the chase.

It was a night looking promising, and though the sun set clear, there was a ragged appearance in the clouds piled to eastward, which I confess I did not like. The wind was rising fast, and had first come, whistling and cold, from the northwest, which is the true quarter for a hard blow. The sea soon felt the influence of the storm, and began to run short and high, as I remember to have seen it in the gulf-stream off any ripples ruffled the billows of Sol, with the exception of boys and there a curling crest, the whole surface of the ocean was of a deep sapphire hue.

We soon overhauled the stranger, and as we drew up across her quarter, discovered her to be a merchantman of the largest class, with a tonnage almost nearly equal to our own. As we set our ensign, and threw a shot across her forefoot, she took up the fireside cross, and a faint cheer from her crew floated up to windward at the same time, however, the kept crowding on all sail, and edging away from us with an immoderate velocity. We could see by the gathering of the sea into that her standing sail became worn out, and a spare jib set in her forecast.

"Can you get no more from him nor yet?" said our superior to his gunner.

"We'll luck her at the vust—shall I?"

"Ay—ay, sir."

The gunner was now fairly begun. The first ball from our piece brought down the foremast topside of the mark, and destroyed all hopes of her escape. Instantly the merchantman luffed up into the wind, and running down toward us, hailed with a boldness unusual in her craft, and with a broken voice of a bend for a moment; then she resumed for a position to take to, without firing a shot, with a confusion which proved that her commander had much service before. The gallantry of the act brought a cheer from our tops, and edging away as the stranger luffed, so as to fall on our weather quarter, we ranged on at a thousand fathoms, and a ton of shining foam, as the ocean was cascading down upon us. The did the stranger fall to windward. Her crew worked with the fearlessness of brave men, pitching out their guns with the utmost alacrity, and throwing themselves with a recklessness that was astonishing out of the service. But our crew, now, like excited beasts, only became the more eager in proportion as the danger increased, and proud to have found an equal, kept up a close, rolling, unremitting fire, shouting lustily at some shot better aimed than the rest, until crushing among the fat. As the fight deepened, the excitement became overpowering. The shouts of the men; the quick roar of the guns; the tearing and splitting of the timbers; and the dull splash of the waters as a broken spar fell overboard, were all mingled in wild disorder. The night was a terrible one. Nothing down around had lighted us in a palpable darkness, only broken by the glare of the battle lanterns, and the blinding flash of the guns. The groans of the wounded, the rattle of musketry, and the occasional growl, as one of the sullen ocean added to the wild confusion of the scene. The sea appeared to rise with the fight, and then I noticed that the wind had eased up if by magic, and that a sudden, boding calm had succeeded, while momentarily a low, groaning sound seemed to rise out of the bosom of the deep, like the sighing of the distance in wailing tones.

"Four it in my boys—home for old Neptune's!" shouted the gunner, as he threw open the door of the magazine, and began to load the guns.

"St. George and merry England—down with the rapscallion stripes," was roared back from the merchantmen.

"Ay, ay," was the answer, as we secured good aim, and the shot that followed yet looked true in its arms, did not suffer us to reprein more than a fathom or two. Our mutual policies threatened instant destruction should the squall strike us aboard.

"Fire away then—away all for your lives—fire away, I say," roared the master of my superior, above all the thunder of the tempest, as he stood in the lee shrouds of his vessel, his dark countenance glowing, and his form bowing large and gigantic in the storm.

The words had scarcely left his mouth before a score of seamen were seen mounting into the rigging of the stranger's vessel, and a shout of encouragement was sent up from the latter, which was answered by a cheer from our own crew. But the shout was not a shout we soon against the lurid background of the western sky. My own eyes had been fixed on the ocean, and I noticed that the clouds were rolling, heavy, rounded in the cross-trees before, with a roar like that of an earthquake, the tempest was upon us.

"All hands to the squall in course," I shouted, perceiving her hopeless it would be with my nearly complement to fort our sails, "loose and reef main—and with a cut all—down, down my men, in God's name down," and as they did rapidly by the bolt-rope to the deck, the fore-top, all blew out of the bolt ropes with a report to of thunder, and streaming along like a line of white cloud was seen the next moment flying far away to leeward amid clouds of smoke; while immediately after the fore-top-mast went over the side, and the tempest striking us aloft the mainmast, bowed to over till our lee scuppers were buried, a fathom in the trough, until the upper part of our weather side gleamed brightly in the ghostly light. For an instant it seemed, as if the stranger would escape during this wild war of the elements, for the ship lay dead, powerless, and the tempest striking us aloft the foremast had been got in, the first shock of the squall had lost her, like us, so much on her beam ends, that her lee scuppers were buried, and her sails were blown away in ribbons, rolled in rattle tatter down the decks, gurgling, roaring,—and we could hear the cheers from the crew, as the tempest of our weather side gleamed brightly in the ghostly light. For an instant it seemed, as if the stranger would escape during this wild war of the elements, for the ship lay dead, powerless, and the tempest striking us aloft the foremast had been got in, the first shock of the squall had lost her, like us, so much on her beam ends, that her lee scuppers were buried, and her sails were blown away in ribbons, rolled in rattle tatter down the decks, gurgling, roaring,—and we could hear the cheers from the crew, as the tempest struck her, and then the gathering, and the sea, which had been lashed into foam by the fury of the gale, began to run mountains high.

"Stand by your guns, my men—stand by—for, unless I am greatly deceived, we shall have the fellow down upon us in a moment," shouted Captain Drew, as he sprang into the shrouds of the mizen, and in another instant, with a lead chest, we heard like a whirlwind upon the merchantman's deck. It did not, however, last more than a second, for the shock was instantaneous. Her bowsprit and fore-mast went by the board, and then the tempest struck her like a whirlwind. The last sight that met my eyes, amid the misty shroud of spray, was the form of my superior still standing on the lee-gangway, and waving his hat in his left hand, as if commanding by a gesture his commands. But amid the roar of the hurricane, the words he might say still never been entered to the dead.

The Literature.

STANDARD COMPOSED FOR MUSIC.

The Letter and the Lover.

As friends, but oh could it meet me;
As friends, but oh could it greet me;
Without, or to greet me
Then might never follow where I were,
Or tell, what would you say?
But though but for pity we say "I love,"
I often think but dare not.

He never turns, heed the throng,
Where'er order eyes will beam;
Or gives one thought to the poor song,
Once made her spirits glisten:
But sometimes, when our glances meet,

As looks true warm—more wise—do,
Alas! he my all—my "I'll never"—
I often think but spite do!

Oh! brighter sunlight then make may glow
His honor'd cheek,
And dearer forms than mine may pass
Across his path, to meet;
But something whispers silence yet,
And stays through sparkling tear,
His eye never say, "I don't forget"—
I often think He eyes do!

From the Connecticut Literary News Letter.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

"I love you, Lucy, with all my heart."
And hers were young, and one was beautiful."

"How blessed are the beautiful!" Surrounded by all that is desirable, adorned with all that is lovely, cherished by a wide circle of admirers, with nothing to retard the full tide of their enjoyment, we would fain believe that life to them was as calm as the clear of summer eve, and as secluded as the manse of childhood's dreams. They are the idols of the social circle; for there the sighing and breathless throng, and the sparkling of the enamored swain waits all questions on the midnight air; and a dark, laughing eye, and an arch smile, are seen from the gilded circle around them. He seemed to be enchanted by the sonic all-absorbing theme, perhaps his distant home, or the idol whose image was revealed by the scene he was witnessing; but then his eye would reassume the wonted tenderness, while with stolen glances he regarded the blushing features of the village belle.

The evening at length closed. Alice and the stranger exchanged glances, as she hurried from the room. She sought her chamber and her couch, but not to slumber. In vain she endeavored to uprisal herself for forming an attachment for one she might never see again. In vain she strove to ridicule the thought of giving her heart away for a song. She arose and opened the casement, that the pure air of Heaven might play around her brow, and check the excitement of her fevered pulse. The moon had arisen in all her splendor, and was shedding her silver light upon the flower garden; and Alice thought that the stars had never seemed so beautiful as at that moment. A hurried step was heard beneath her latticc; the light form of a gallant fell softly on her ear, and the manly voice of the singer thrilled still more gently on her soul. It was the very same she had heard in the drawing-room, and the same air the same tender song were floating up to her window. She listened with rapt attention, while strain after strain was wafted to her ear, and it was not until the serenader's last "Good Night" had been heard, and his retreating footsteps had died away in the distance, that she sought her pillow. Then it was that a slumber so blissful as that of infancy gathered about her senses; visions of delight danced before her eyes, and when she arose

half disheveled, on her white rounded shoulders; and her blue eyes were sparkling with excitement, while the warm breathing glow of warmth was diffused over her entire person. She also sported a small lamp in her hand, and a sash hung from her arm. The rough Orientel bent before her as she advanced, for it was his Queen—it was Marguerite de Bourgogne.

"Orisini!" she exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "where are your companions—are they here?"

"They are, madame, here and ready—the night advances."

"Is it then so late?" asked the Queen. "No, no, you are deceived. Look! how dark and still is all around." And, sighing deeply, she sank dejectedly on a rough bench, which formed part of the scanty furniture of the room.

"No matter, madame," returned the interpreter, with the assurance warranted by a partnership in guilt; "no matter: we must extinguish the lamps and collect the wine-cups. Your be t attendants you; you must cross the Seine, and, having entered your royal dwelling, leave us masters here—the safe masters."

"Ah, so!" faltered the Queen. "Leave us; I beseech you, leave me. The night has not resembled those I have passed before; this young man resembles not the others: he is like one only that I know. Do you not find it so, Orsini?"

"Whom think you he resembles, then?" gruffly demanded the host.

"Gauthier Dunlay," answered the Queen; "my Gauthier. I have looked at him often to-night, and imagine I behold Gauthier. I seem hearing to him I thought I heard Gauthier. He is all love and passion—he cannot betray us."

"Trust him not, though Madame," said Orsini. "Think of him but as a childish toy, which must be played with, and then broken. Think that the greater freedom you indulge in, the more there is to fear. It is mostly three by the tower clock: retire, Madame, and leave us this young cavalier."

"Leave him to you, Orsini!" exclaimed Marguerite, rising from the bench. "No, no! Go and demand of my sisters, that they abandon the gallinda in you: if they will, let it be so; but this one—we must save him. All this night I have been assailed in his presence, and he would not know me again. He has not once seen my face. But, hist! he approaches. Descend to your companions, but, remember—he must be saved."

As Orsini quitted the room the object of Marguerite's solicitude appeared on the stairs. His countenance was pale and haggard, his feet were unsteady, and an empty goblet in his hand indicated the source of his excitement. The Queen had not been deceived in discovering a likeness in her Philippe Dunlay who advanced toward her; and, passing his arm round her waist, attempted to draw her toward him. Marguerite fell back, and, fixing her mark on her face exclaimed hurriedly—

"Young man, the day is breaking—you must be gone."

"Want concerns me the day or night!" said Philippe. "We have neither day nor night. The lamps have not time to sparkle, our hearts beat, and time passes: let us return."

"No, it cannot be: we must separate."

"Separate! and we are never more again. It is not yet time to part; and to divide the links of this chain is to break them."

"You have promised to be rational," said the Queen. "My husband will awaken—he will come to seek me. Again I tell you, it is daylight."

"You deceive yourself—it is only the moon glaring from between two clouds formed by the wind. Your husband will not come; age is confining and sleepy. Still one hour—one little hour, and one hour, and then farewell—for ever?"

"Not one instant," returned Marguerite. "Depart: it is I who beseech you. Go without looking behind you—without thinking more of this night of love: without speaking to a soul, even were he your nearest friend. Go! she added energetically, "quit Paris, and for ever—I implore you—I command you."

As Marguerite uttered these last words she drew herself up to her full height and pointed toward the door. Although masked, Philippe felt she was looking at him, and he half shrunk before her.

"*Is* love," he answered; "I will go; but your name!"

"Oh! I will tell you your name, that it may whisper itself for ever in my ear—that it may be graven for ever on my heart. Your name: that I may repeat it in my dreams. I have dreamed that you are beautiful—that you are noble. Your name! in one last kiss, and I will depart."

"I have no name for you," returned Marguerite. "This night once passed, all has finished between us. I am now free, and no one you know. We are a couple of lovers who have met together, for I owe no more to you than you do to me. Obey me, then, if you love me; obey me, if you love not me, for I am a woman; I am mistress here, and I command you to depart."

"No!" exclaimed Philippe, in a tone of irony. I am but a wandering knight, while I go, adieu, noble and honest dame, who great rendezvous by night, and to whom the shade of that night does not suffice for a sufficient mask. Farewell, you will not make me the toy of an hour's pastime; you shall not say that you will laugh at the dupe you have created."

"What mean you, sir?" said Marguerite, half alarmed at his determined tone, and recoiling as he approached her.

"Fear not, Madame," he answered, snatching a pin from her hair: "it will be less than nothing—a scratch, a mere simple sign by which I shall know you when we meet again." And as he spoke, he thrust the pin through her mask against her forehead. "Now tell me your name, or not—what will you! and therein concerned, I care not, for I shall recognise you."

"You have wounded me sir!" exclaimed the Queen, clapping her hand to her temple, as her rage were strangely mingled. "I have been wounded me, and the consequence be on your head. Fool! fool! I should have saved you, but it is no fault: you shall now die, and by my hand, too." And she caught up the lamp, and hastening up the staircase, left Philippe Dunlay in total darkness and silence.

For a few minutes all was still; the dead silence of the chamber was broken but by a steadily floating, now and then, on the floor above, and the rushing of the Seine, as it chafed against the warm and ragged base of the tower. The storm had subsided; and a few stars were visible in the heavens, but not sufficient to dispel any of the gloom that pervaded the interior. As he grasped his way toward the window, he heard the door opening some means of egress, a sound fell upon his ear as of a door opened on rusty and long unused hinges. The next moment he heard the steps, and before he could challenge the intruder, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Who is there?" exclaimed a voice at his side.

"C'est moi," answered Philippe: "but what matters it to you?"

"I should know that voice," returned the other. "Philippe Dunlay."

"Bertinot! you here too!" said Philippe, as he recognised his companion of the evening.

"Yes, *mon frère*," returned the captain: "and would to God we had met at another spot! Know you not where we are?"

"Nay; I would not ask that question. I know not even our entertainers, although, ere long, I trust to find them out."

"How mean you?"

"Firstly, Simonds. I have marked my fair lady's forehead with a sign she shall not easily wash off. Her mask was not proof against steel."

"Imprudent boy!" said Bertinot. "The pleasure knew not our present situation, or you would have been more cautious."

"In the name of our Lady, then, where are we?" eagerly demanded Philippe.

"Approach the window," said Bertinot, leading him toward it. "Now strain your eyes through the darkness, and tell me what you see on the opposite bank?"

"The Isle of Louvre." "At night?"

"The Seine." "Most true."

"And around you the Tour de Nesle?" "The Tour de Nesle!" exclaimed Philippe, in a cold shiver through his frame. "Then, indeed," replied Bertinot: "in indeed the old tower, beneath whose walls before you formed every morning."

"And are we without arms—for they, doubtless, demanded your sword on entering, as they did mine."

"Of what use would they be here?" said Bertinot. "Flight is our resource from the assassins—not combat. Thanks to the Virgin, the night has passed, and we can search an outlet easier than before."

While he was speaking, the clouds, which had long obscured the light, passed away, and the moon poured her silver stream into the interior of the apartment, revealing two small doors in the wall that had hitherto escaped their observation.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bertinot; "there is still a chance, look you,—to the door—quick, quick!"

"The fastened," said Philippe, as he tried the handle.

"Force it, then, force it!" returned the other; "and to-morrow's sun shall behold us safe, or miserably against it. The door yielded to his efforts, the hinges were old and rust worn; and, as it gave way, a blast of cold air rushed into the room.

"It opens but on the river," said Philippe, in a tone of disappointment, advancing to the door, and gazing on the waters beneath him. "I could swim no torrent such as this. Let us try the other door by which, doubtless, you came to the chamber."

"But I will take it," answered Bertinot, coolly dispensing himself of his cloak, which he flung over the rails. "Stop," he added, as he beheld an instant on the threshold: "should I perish, Philippe, and you escape, avenge me. If, on the contrary, I am saved, and you fall, I will go to your brother Gauthier, and tell him; but you must write it: there must be proof."

"I have neither pen, nor ink, nor parchment," said Philippe, scornfully.

"Take these tablets, then," returned Bertinot, drawing a small book from his vest. "You have, in your hand, a memento dear to you: in your arm are veins, and in those veins, blood. If I should be saved, and you perish, I will take these tablets to your brother. Write, then, and he will believe me; write, and I will demand vengeance for you."

To strip up his sleeve and pierce a vein, was, with Philippe Dunlay, the work of an instant. He leant forward in the moonbeams to obtain more light, and awaited the dictation of Bertinot.

"Write," said the captain, "these words—'I have been assassinated by - - - -' I will place the name. He will recognise the motive for her wounded forehead, sooner or later. And now Philippe, if I die, do for me as I would have done for you. Adieu! seek flight by whatever means you can, but linger not here."

As Bertinot finished speaking, he scaled the balcony, and kept fluctuating into the torrents. It was a full of some twenty feet, and he fell, and he sank deep into the water at first; but when Philippe saw him again he was gallantly breasting the current across the river.

And now, with desperate activity Philippe rapidly tried every aperture and recess of the apartment, but in vain: all were fastened: the staircase alone remained. Swiftly mounting its narrow and winding steps, he pushed firmly against the portal that opened on the entrance. It yielded—a ray of hope sprung up—he could, perhaps, escape that way; but as he rose through the opening, an arm seized his collar, and forcibly dragged him back.

"Orsini!" he exclaimed, as he recognised the taverner. "Unhand me, villain; or at least allow me to speak with my original chiefs."

But the clutch of the other tightened, as he spoke, with suffocating power round his throat, and he felt himself sinking in the grasp of the assassin. Collecting all his strength, he seized the assassin by the belt, and attempted to pull him down. In so doing his foot slipped on the stairs: the sudden jerk, occasioned by this accident, was too quick and powerful for Orsini to resist: and, falling through the trap upon Philippe's shoulders, they rolled instantly from the summit to the spot the latter had just quitted. The shock separated their hold on each other for a moment, but they were instantly upon their feet, and the combat raged with redoubled fury. The shock appeared to have stunned the assassin: he yield-ed—a ray of hope sprung up—he could, perhaps, escape that way; but as he rose through the opening, an arm seized his collar, and forcibly dragged him back.

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manded an examination of the evidence of their claims.

The Bill appropriating about $9,000,000 was taken up as the Special order of the day. A warm debate ensued.

The Bill under consideration makes an appropriation of between four and five millions of dollars for the Post Office service.

APRIL 14, 1840.

SENATE.—The committee on foreign affairs this morning made a report in answer to the Executive and other communications referred to the committee on the subject of the Northeastern Boundary.

The committee state that they have had the same under consideration, and give their reasons for not reporting at length at this moment. The reasons briefly are, that the subject is now before the British Government for its consideration. The proposition before that government, they say, will doubtless settle or lead to the settlement of the question at issue. The difficulties in the way of an amicable adjustment will not be found to be so great as have been anticipated. We may (adds the report) reasonably expect that a reply will be received during the present or early in the approaching month of May.

They trust that the answer will be satisfactory to all parties, and are therefore disposed to await the arrival of the answer to the proposition. The committee, after briefly stating the facts as they exist, conclude by expressing the opinion that the question of peace or war will depend in a great measure on the answer of the British Government to the proposition now with that Government from the United States.

An interesting debate ensued on the boundary question. The general impression seemed to be that war was not necessary to the settlement of the present difficulties.

In regard to the forces in Canada, Mr. Clay said it gave him no uneasiness, although alluded to by the Senator from New York and by others. Great Britain was the weaker party on this continent. Canada was not to invade us, but in war we were to invade Canada. She was preparing for defence not for attack. We were 16,000,000 strong—not as well prepared to meet aggression as we could wish, but much better prepared than we were in the war of 1812—better prepared upon the sea and upon the lakes, upon the border and in the interior. He was not alarmed at the force in Canada, nor would he be alarmed if the force were much larger than it is. A preparation was natural.

Mr. Clay again repeated that the question must be one which the government must settle, and not any one member of the Union. The government had a right to submit to arbitration, and ought to do so before going to war.

The joint resolution introduced by Mr. Preston, viz: That the committee on the Library take measures to have the statue, of Washington, executed by Greenough, now in Italy, imported and erected in its place, was considered in committee of the whole, and finally passed.

HOUSE.—The morning hour was occupied in an attempt to bring forward the reports of the majority and minority upon the printing of the House. The majority refused to receive them.

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Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

About as pretty a piece of effrontery as ever soiled white paper, has been received from some scribbler, penny-a-liner, or other rascal, who entitles himself "More Anon." He defies us—we use his own words—to have any serious objection to some verses we lately rejected. If he means to pun upon his words, he is right; for it is impossible to peruse his trash, without going off in a guffaw. If he means, however, that it is above criticism he is—God wot!—either mad or drunk. Here are some of them, which we venture to predict the author thinks sublime. They were written, he says, after reading the first part of the 18th chapter, 2d Samuel.

A crowned head, him audience gave, while he dwelt with fervent zeal
On man's corrupt, and wayward heart, in pursuit of earthly weal;
But when he spoke of base deceit—and the rich man's haughty pride,
His ominous words bore down upon, that proud one by his side.
He could not brook the eye of scorn, nor could he dare to meet
The steady glance that piercing shot, as the sunbeam to the heath,
The still small voice within his breast, firm and faithful to its trust,
In slow and solemn measure told that his virtue was as dust.
Yes but as like the lightest dust, which is drove before the wind,
Even as the baseless shadows flit, before the mystic mind
When sleep its mantle has folded, 'round the object of its care,
And grief and sorrow all are lost—as dense vapor in the air.

There now, he is fairly in print; but such a set of rugged clanking grating, good-for-nothing verses have not passed our ears this lustrum. They have neither poetry, grammar, nor rythm—they are neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The author threatens us with a printed copy of them—but for mercy's sake, gong [illegible], spare us. And now—farewell! Though you write miserable stuff, you may be a good citizen for all that. But be not shameless, else we may show you "our washing blow."

"ANNA," by all means—"we can't refuse."

"MONA" shall appear.

"STEPHANIE," as soon as possible. A delicate hand is a sure road to our favor.

"I. S. C." is given out for insertion.

"THE INDIAN GIRL"—"THE LITTLE FLOWER"—"SENATE," and "THE DYING ARTIST," cannot appear.

Nativity of the Members of the House of Representatives of the United states.

Of the two hundred and thirty-five members of the House, the following States gave birth to the number set opposite each in the table subjoined:

Pennsylvania,	37
Virginia,	34
Massachusetts,	23
New York,	21
Connecticut,	18
North Carolina,	17
South Carolina,	12
Kentucky,	12
Maryland,	11
Tennessee,	11
Georgia,	7
Maine,	5
New Hampshire,	3
Vermont,	5
Delaware,	3
Ohio,	3
Louisiana,	2
Rhode Island,	1
IRELAND,	4
ENGLAND,	1

Eight of the United States have not yet had the honor of giving birth to a Member of Congress.

VANDALISM.—It is stated in the Baltimore Visiter, that there are two persons in that city so lost to every feeling of respect for the memory of the father of his country, so devoid of every sense of honor and the right of property, as to wantonly deface the Washington Monument. They laid a wager that one of them could not hit the scroll in the hand of the statue, with a ball fired from a rifle. The fellow made the attempt and succeeded, the ball striking the scroll and shivering off a fragment. We do not, we cannot regard this in the light of a trifling injury done to public property in a wild freak. It is a gross insult to the city of Baltimore and to the State of Maryland; it is an insult to the American people, a sacrilegious outrage upon the memory of the immortal Washington.

GENERAL NEWS.

SWINDLING THE POST OFFICE.—A colored woman, named Bailey, was committed to prison in New York, on Friday last, the 10th inst. for taking a $50 note from a letter which had been left by the carrier at her residence, directed to Mary Bigley, and post-marked Philadelphia. The letter was called for afterward at the post-office by a gentleman named Bigley. It was then ascertained that there were two houses in the same street with the same number, and that the letter had been left at the wrong house.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.—A young man named David Van Fossen, said to be from Philadelphia, was arrested in Baltimore on Saturday last, for knocking down, with a large club, a man sixty years of age, named Coulin. The old man, who is an Irishman, had made a remark that offended the young one, who said that he thought it no harm to kill an Irishman who would make such remarks.

IMPROVEMENT IN FIRE-ARMS.—A Canadian gunsmith has invented a gun which can be fired without the aid of powder. The ball is put in at the breech; the cap is so constructed as to discharge the piece without any other loading. This gun can be loaded with great rapidity. It has no recoil, and is very light, being excellent for sporting purposes.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Portuguese slaver Scorpion, with 710 slaves on board, which were destined for the Havana market, arrived at St. Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 22d December, under command of Lieut. Conway, of H. B. M. ship Modeste. He reported that the Modeste had taken another vessel of the same description with that he commanded.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WASHINGTON.—A fire broke out in Washington city at an early hour on Saturday morning, which destroyed the printing office of the Madisonian, with all the materials—the extensive stationary and book binding establishment of Messrs. Langtree & O'Sullivan, (the latter formerly of Philadelphia) and also injured the Medical College.

QUACKERY PUNISHED.—A man named Robert McBeath undertook to perform a surgical operation on one David Hunter, at St. Johns, N. B. a few days since, and through his ignorance killed his patient. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter against him, and he was committed for trial therefor.

ASSAULT.—The Baltimore Sun states that on Saturday night, a gentleman was assaulted in Marsh Market Space, by a ruffian, who attempted first to choke him and drag his watch from his fob. The gentleman was too much for him, however, and the foot-pad was glad to make his escape by rushing through the crowd in the market house.

CAUGHT BY A WILD BEAST.—A boy, on Friday last, attempted to steal into the menagerie at Troy, by crawling under the canvass. He happened to enter directly beneath the cage of the Leopard, and the animal seized his arm, drew it in through the bars, and lacerated it severely with his claws and teeth. The keeper interfered or the boy would have been killed.

THE STEAMBOAT SELMA.—The St. Louis Republican states that there were about two hundred and fifty passengers on board the steamboat Selma, (bound from New Orleans to St. Louis,) when she was lost. All were saved, although but few rescued any of their property. They were mostly German emigrants, some of whom had effects of great value to themselves.

FIRST ARRIVAL FROM THE WEST.—The Harrisburg Reporter says, "the Express packet boat Thomas Jefferson, arrived this morning, April 9, *direct from* Hollidaysburg, and reports the canal to be in good navigable order, and that large numbers of freight boats may be expected to pass eastward in a day or two."

MORE DEFALCATION.—A report was current in Norfolk lately, that an account in the Bank of Virginia, at Richmond, had been overdrawn to the amount of about $30,000 and that one of the officers was missing. The officer missing is Beverly Darney, the first teller.

GREAT DEFALCATION.—In relation to the fraud committed in the Bank of Virginia, the Norfolk Beacon of Saturday observes: "It is reported that there is a deficiency of *four hundred thousand dollars*—an amount exceeding the present capital of the branch of the Bank of Virginia, at this place. It is said that DARNEY has gone to Texas."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—The abolition of this law in Louisiana is worse now for debtors than it was before. Debtors are released from imprisonment now, if they can find any body generous enough to—go security for the ultimate *payment* of the debt.

DELAWARE PEACHES.—The Wilmington Journal states that as yet the extensive peach orchards in that vicinity have not been injured by the late frosts which have proved so destructive to the peach crops of Jersey and the south.

FLOOD ON THE ALABAMA.—On the 26th and 27th ult. there was a great flood in the Alabama, and the river rose higher than it has been since 1833. A good deal of damage was done. The water was subsiding rapidly on the 29th.

RENCONTRE.—Major George W. Coffee was killed at Grenada, Mississippi, on the 17th of March, in a rencontre with E. R. Isler, his brother-in-law. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of—"Justifiable homicide."

A PRETTY LITTLE BILL.—During the year 1839 there was expended in the New York almshouse department $3396 for Champagne, Old Hock, &c. for the entertainment of the commissioners.

PIGEONS.—Pigeons are so plenty in New York that they are hawked about in carts. Two boats from Newburg brought down twenty-five thousand. They are selling from 3 to 6 shillings a dozen.

THE NAVIGATION OF LAKE ERIE is now open between Dunkirk and Detroit, and in a few days the whole line from Buffalo to Chicago will be navigable.

TWENTY ONE GENTLEMEN were invested with the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the annual commencement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, held last Tuesday week.

UNFORTUNATE DELUSION.—A man named John Hershinger, of Windsor township, York county, hung himself last week, in consequence of an imaginary pecuniary difficulty.

EXPORT OF TEAS.—We understand, says the Boston Journal, that the ship Lowell, which will sail in a few days for Liverpool, will take out as part of her cargo two thousand chests of teas!

A MONSTROUS OYSTER.—An oyster has been caught at Mobile measuring three feet one inch in length, and twenty-three and a half inches across. It was carried about in a dray.

A DESPERATE RASCAL ARRESTED.—Boston Frank, the King of Pickpockets, was arrested on Sunday in New York, after a desperate fight.

INCENDIARIES.—Two lads, aged 13 and 14, were arrested in Baltimore on Saturday as supposed incendiaries.

AMERICA VESPUCCI.—This lady has taken her farewell forever of the shores of this country, having sailed from New Orleans on the 1st inst.

SIX NATIONS.—The Senate have confirmed the treaty between the United States and the Six Nations of New York Indians.

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH.—The corner stone of a new Baptist Meeting House was laid in Bowdoin Square, Boston, on Wednesday last.

REAL ESTATE IN ST. LOUIS, (Mo.) worth one hundred thousand dollars, was recently sold at Sheriff's sale for four thousand dollars.

WHEAT.—Wheat is selling in Michigan at 56 cents a bushel.

EX-SHERIFF PARKINS.—This eccentric man, died at Newark, N. J. on Sunday last, after a short illness.

DESTRUCTIVE FRESHET.—The Batesville (Ark.) News of the 19th, gives the following particulars of a great destruction of cattle, horses, and other property, by a late freshet in St. Francis river:

Every day brings us additional accounts of the losses of stock by the late freshet. Capt. Tunstall lost some hundred head of cattle, and several fine horses, among them Etna, the Volcano filly, that won the sweepstake over the Batesville Course.—Charline, we understand was in the water some 48 hours, but like a "GAME UN," as she is, came out unscathed. Mr. Samuel R. Hinton thinks he has lost some 20 very fine brood mares and colts. With his, was C. F. M. Noland's Collingwood filly Rhody. The loss to Randolph and Lawrence counties is immense—50,000 dollars would hardly repair the damage done.

A SWINDLING LOVER.—An individual in New York, named B. Kindale, paid his addresses to a widow named Dickens, and succeeded so well that the lady agreed to his fixing a day for their marriage. As she abounded more in worldly wealth than her intended husband, the latter borrowed from her fifty dollars to make the necessary arrangements. As he did not make his appearance at the appointed time, the lady sent for him, when he returned answer that he had changed his mind, and also refused to give back the money, upon which he was summoned before a magistrate, and bound over on a charge of obtaining money on false pretences.

ACCIDENT.—The Army and Navy Chronicle says:—We regret to learn that Lieut. R. B. Cunningham, attached to the navy yard in this city, met with a serious accident last week, by which it is feared that he will entirely lose the sight of one eye. While standing near a man who was working on a piece of iron with a cold chisel, a chip from the iron struck him in the right eye.—He was immediately attended by Dr. Edwards, the Surgeon of the yard, who will do all that skill can accomplish for his relief. The piece of iron is very small, and has not yet been extracted from the eye.

ARMS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR.—The following statement exhibits the present resources of the United States in army and munitions of war. There are now in the arsenals, 690,000 muskets ready for use, besides 400,000 that have been distributed by the general government to the respective states; 3000 pieces of heavy cannon, an abundant supply of ball and all kinds of projectiles. There is a sufficient store of materials to manufacture 5000 pistols and swords per month. The amount of gunpowder on hand is stated at 12,000 barrels with materials for 4000 barrels more.

EDUCATION CONVENTION.—A national convention for the promotion of popular education in the United States, will meet at Washington city, the 6th of next May. The convention will consist of delegates from State conventions, Lyceums, Colleges, public bodies connected with institutions for education, or from regularly constituted public meetings of the friends of the cause. The committee of arrangements call upon all of the bodies above described, that have not elected delegates, to do so immediately.

MAN SHOT.—The Baltimore Sun says that an old German named Vinegar, was shot on Saturday night last, while sitting in his house, in the rear of Orleans street, near the Harford run.—The person who fired the rifle or musket is not known, and the affair is supposed to have been an accident, as the ball entered through the weather boarding of the side of the house where there are no windows, passed through the fleshy part of the old man's thigh, and lodged in the other side of the wall.

DEPARTURE.—The brig Porpoise, Capt. Jordan, hauled out in the stream, opposite Corner's wharf, Baltimore, on Sunday morning, preparatory to her sailing for British Guianna, with about eighty emigrants. The Republican states that "the wharf was crowded with blacks and whites, the former to bid adieu to their friends and relations, and the latter to witness the departure of the vessel. The emigrants appeared to be well provided for and in the best spirits."

The Raleigh (N. C.) Register says that the enterprise of the citizens of that State is rapidly enabling it to become independent of the North in almost every branch of manufactures. It has now more factories than there were ten years ago in the whole South. A nail factory is in successful operation in Lincoln county, manufacturing the article from the iron ore found in that part of the State, which is pronounced to be equal to any in the world.

NEW ORLEANS.—The quantity of cotton received this season at New Orleans, up to the 29th of March, was 657,000 bales, of which 505,000 had been exported, leaving about 150,000 bales still in market. One fourth of the crop was yet to reach market, and it is said there is a probability that the exports of cotton from the Gulf of Mexico alone will exceed the whole exports of all the other cotton ports in the United States.

A TURN OUT.—The employers in the calico printing establishment at Fall River, last week, reduced the wages of the workmen from 6 to 25 per cent. The hands refused to work for the wages offered, and paraded the streets in procession—The house of one of the agents was assailed, and the windows and doors broken open.

COTTON.—The late foreign news from India will prove beneficial to our cotton planters. The number of men to be transported to China, and the high freights offered by the British Governor General, will prevent vessels from carrying cotton from the East Indies to England.

A HUSBAND!—Joseph Gilpin, of Preble county, Ohio, in a paroxysm of rage, knocked down his wife with a rifle, and beat her until he thought life extinct. He then cut his own throat in such a manner as to cause his death. Mrs. G. is likely to recover.

MAPLE SUGAR.—From various Eastern papers we learn that the quantity of Maple Sugar made in the New England States this Spring is beyond all precedent. In New Hampshire and Vermont sufficient will be made to supply the consumption of those States.

A SAD DEATH.—A woman of the town, named Elizabeth Banyar, went to the police office, New York, on Sunday, in a dying state, and asked to be sent to the penitentiary. She was taken there, but died directly.

ROBBERY OF THE MAIL.—A letter addressed to Webb, Nesbitt & Co. Louisville, Ky. containing $800 in bank notes, was stolen recently from the mail, supposed to be between Dover and Clarksville, Tenn.

SNOW STORM.—A snow storm commenced at Quebec on the 3d inst. and on that and the preceding morning, the thermometer was down to 15 and 20 degrees above zero. Snow two feet deep in the woods.

DISTRESSING EVENT.—We learn from the Milwaukee Sentinel, that three sons of Mr. Russel Frisby, of Summit, were drowned in the Oconomowoc lake on Friday night, the 27th ult. The particulars are not given.

FIRE FROM LIGHTNING.—A valuable barn belonging to Daniel Lukens, in East Fallowfield township, West Chester, was struck by lightning, during the storm on Saturday night, and entirely consumed.

BRITISH IRON IMPORTED.—We are told that during the last ten years, the United States have imported $84,000,000 worth of iron from England.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—It is stated that at Bolton, England, 600 hands, attached to a single concern, have been out of employment for the last three months.

FOREIGN LETTERS.—Sixteen thousand letters were received at Liverpool by the packet ship South America, from New York.

YELLOW FEVER.—At the last accounts, Port au Prince was very sickly with the yellow fever.

PITTSBURG.—13 steamers arrived at Pittsburg on the 7th, and 12 took their departure.

CURIOUS STATEMENT.—The Boston Mercantile Journal contains a statement of the number of speeches made during the late session of the Massachusetts Assembly, with the time occupied by each speech. Mr. Thayer, of Braintree, exceeded all the rest, in the number of speeches. He made 10 speeches of 2 minutes each, 15 of 3 minutes, 6 of 4 minutes, 4 of 5 minutes, 1 of 6 minutes, 4 of 7 minutes, 3 of 10 minutes, 1 of 12 and 1 of 15 minutes—total, 45 speeches and 200 hour. Mr. Bradburn, of Nantucket, occupied more time than any other member. He spoke 38 times, and occupied 286 hours. "According to the above table," says the Journal, "which has been prepared with great care, seven hundred and nine speeches were delivered by the Representatives during the late session, of an average length of seven minutes, or a fraction less: occupying in their delivery eight hours and twenty-five minutes, or about one hour of each session."

THE GRAIN CROPS.—From various sections of the interior of our State, we learn that the growing crops of wheat and rye are unusually promising. During the past winter the ground was generally frozen so hard that the rain ran off the surface without penetrating into it. The roots were thus prevented from being frozen out, and the late rains and mild weather have brought vegetation forward rapidly. The Alexandria Gazette, in reference to this subject, says:—"Our information from the adjacent counties, and from the immediate neighborhood of this town, is that the growing wheat looks uncommonly well, and that the farmers hope for large crops. We trust that no fly, nor rust, nor smut, may prevail, to blast their expectations."

VILLAINY FOILED.—A roue in Baltimore entered into a conspiracy with a colored pander in that city, to ruin a respectable girl, the daughter of a mechanic. Having matured their plans, they expected to consummate their infernal design on Saturday night last. The parents of the girl were, however, informed of the design against their daughter, and proceeded with two officers to the house of the hag, whom they arrested with her guilty coadjutor. They were lodged in the watchhouse for the night, but in the morning were released for want of sufficient evidence against them; their scheme was, however, completely frustrated.

COLLISION.—The Charleston Mercury states that the steam packet John Adams, came in contact with the pilot boat Georgia on the 8th inst. The latter sank immediately, and her crew were taken on board the steam packet. The schooner Page, Capt. Norris, from New York for Boston, came in contact with an outward bound brig, on Friday, off Cape Cod, and was towed into Provincetown, having had to throw overboard thirty tons of freight, principally marble. The brig was towed back to the Cape, and sank just after reaching the shore.

JUMPING THE ROPE.—A little girl in Boston jumped a rope one hundred times on one foot without stopping, because she was bantered to do it. She performed her boast, but it nearly proved fatal to her. She was taken into the school-house, and from thence to her home, covered with blood. Not only was the foot on which she skipped bathed in blood, but it exuded through every pore of her skin, and stood in small drops all over her body, arms and face. She remained in an extremely dangerous state for several days.

MORE FIRES ON THE RAILROAD.—We learn from the West Chester Record, that two more buildings have been burnt on the Pennsylvania Railroad, almost in sight of the buildings previously destroyed. A stone house near the Paoli, on Tuesday last, and on the next day the Spring House Tavern, one of the oldest hotels on the road, and about three miles lower down, were fired by the engine and burnt down.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—A young colored man, named Isaac T. Carr, was found in New York, early on Monday morning, hanging by his clothes from the picket of an iron railing, with his head downward, at the corner of Gold and Spruce sts. entirely dead. He had jumped out of the window to go to a fire, got caught in the way described, and died of apoplexy.

A HURRICANE.—Washington city was visited with a hurricane on Sunday evening, accompanied with rain, thunder and lightning. The latter struck the African church and killed a black, and also a colored man on board a boat near Alexandria. A great deal of damage was done to the buildings in the arsenal and at the penitentiary. At the former the damage is estimated at $15,000.

IRON.—The Hollidaysburg (Pa.) Sentinel states that the great quantity of iron recently manufactured has so glutted the market that several furnaces have ceased blasting, and large sales have been made at very reduced prices. The quantity on hand at Pittsburg is said to be sufficient to supply the western demand for a year or two.

LADIES' VEILS.—Curtis, a writer on sight, says that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibrations of that common article of dress. Ladies should therefore be careful how they hide their pretty faces with a veil.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A very important discovery in Paris is spoken of. A gentleman has succeeded in making very excellent bread from beet root, mixed with a small portion of potato flour. It is said that this bread is of very excellent quality, and can be sold to the public at so low a price as two sous per pound.

CANAL BREACH.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot writing from Havre de Grace under date of the 13th ult. states that in consequence of the heavy rains, four breaches in the Tide Water Canal, between that place and the Pennsylvania line. This will suspend operations on the canal for several days.

LIFE INSURANCE.—A law of New York (just passed) gives to married women the right of insuring their husbands' lives for their own benefit; and in case of the woman's death, the insurance may be made payable to her children or their guardian.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Mr. James Cowles, of Virginia, a gentleman universally respected by all who knew him, while laboring under a delirium, put an end to his existence at the Globe Hotel, Baltimore, on Tuesday, by severing the jugular vein with a common penknife.

STABBING.—The Hollidaysburg Standard, of the 10th inst. states, that a few days before, Mr. Irwin, innkeeper, at Duncanville, was stabbed several times in the side by his hostler. Mr. I. had put the hostler out of the house for abusive language. The wounds are not very serious.

ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED.—Mr. Wm. Mull, a barkeeper on board the steamboat General Brady, while on the trip between Pittsburg and Wheeling, on Wednesday last, accidentally fell overboard, and was drowned.

NO EXTRA SESSION.—Governor Grason has declined calling an extra session of the Legislature of Maryland in reference to the affairs of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.

STEAM ENGINES.—The steam engines of England are computed to perform labor equal to 7,480,000 men; and by operating on machinery, equal to 100,000,000 of men.

ERIE CANAL.—More than nine thousand men are now at work on the Erie Canal between Utica and Albany. Great exertions are made to open the Canal as soon as possible.

ARRIVALS.—Seven hundred and forty-four steerage passengers arrived at New York on Sunday in the ships Sheridan, South America and Memphis, from Liverpool.

A STRIKE AMONG THE WOMEN.—The factory hands of Fall River have struck for higher wages.

PRICE OF FREIGHT.—Freight to New Orleans from Cincinnati, 75 cents per barrel, on flour.

DROWNED.—Edward Brannon, a plasterer, was drowned at New Orleans on the 3d inst.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

QUITE WARLIKE.—The following will be read with interest:

From the Buffalo Journal of last Saturday.

A postscript to the Toronto Patriot of Tuesday last, has the following:—

"We stop the Press to say that we have just heard, from an authority which may be relied upon, that his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has received Important Despatches from Major General Sir Richard D. Jackson, in reference it is supposed, to the North Eastern Boundary question. Indications of activity, in our military defences, have been manifested. Our Authorities are on the alert; and SERIOUS DIFFICULTIES MUST THEREFORE BE APPREHENDED.

The leading article of the Patriot strongly urges the probability of a War between Great Britain and the United States, on the ground that the former country cannot give up the disputed territory, without at the same time relinquishing the Canadas, and concludes with the following advice:—

"Our parting words to our loyal fellow subjects are, keep your muskets clean, look to your flints, and above all keep your Powder dry, for a contest with the United States cannot be a SMALL War."

The Toronto Colonist of Wednesday says, an order has been issued by the Commander of the Forces, intimating that none of the officers stationed in the provinces, can for the present be allowed leave of absence from their regiments. The same paper says, the despatches above referred to by the Patriot, are said to be of an important character, but their precise nature has not transpired.

BRITISH NAVAL FORCE.—The Halifax Nova Scotian, of March 25th, says:—"There are at present on the North American and West India stations, 1 line of battle ship, 9 frigates and 19 sloops, 523 guns, and 5486 men."

THE U. S. TROOPS AT HOULTON.—General Eustis and Captains Prentiss and Collins arived at Boston last Wednesday, on their way to Houlton, to take command of the troops at that place.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

ELECTION TABLE.—The following table prepared with great care, we extract from the Bay State Democrat. Our readers will find it eminently useful, and would do well to stick it up in some convenient place for constant reference:

State.	State Election.	Presiden. Election.	
New Hampshire,	March 10	November	2
Connecticut,	April 6	"	2
Rhode Island,	" 15	"	18
Virginia,	" 23	"	2
*Louisiana,	July 6	"	3
Alabama,	August 3	"	9
Kentucky,	" 3	"	2
Indiana,	" 3	"	2
*Illinois,	" 3	"	2
Missouri,	" 3	"	2
Tennessee,	" 6	"	19
N. Carolina,	in August.	"	19
*Vermont,	Sept 1	"	10
*Maine,	" 14	"	2
*Georgia,	October 5	"	2
Maryland,	" 7	"	9
S. Carolina,	" 12	by Legislature.	
*Pennsylvania,	" 13	November,	6
*Ohio,	" 13	"	6
*New York,	Nov. 23, 24	"	23, 24
*New Jersey,	" 3, 4	"	3, 4
Mississippi,	" 2	"	2
Michigan,	" 2	"	2
Arkansas,	" 2	"	2
*Massachusetts,	" 9	"	9
*Delaware,	" 10	"	10

Those States marked with a star, choose members of Congress on the same day that State officers are chosen.

The Electors meet at the capitols of the respective States in which they are chosen, on the second day of December, and give in their ballots for President and Vice President.

NEW YORK CITY ELECTION.—The Democrats carried their ticket for Mayor at the city election, in New York, on Tuesday, by a majority of 1700. The polls were opened at 63 places in accordance with the new law. The part of the law which relates to the registration of votes, does not go into effect till next autumn.

The Van Buren men will have a majority in both branches of the Common Council. Probably the parties in each Board will stand—Whigs 5, Van Buren 12; precisely the same as last year.

The Wards represented by Whigs, are the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 15th.

SOUTHWARK ELECTION.—The election for Commissioners in the district of Southwark took place on Monday, and has resulted in the total defeat of the radical ticket. The Whigs had nominated no ticket, but supported a reform ticket, which was elected by 514 majority.

PORTLAND (Me.) ELECTION.—There was no choice for Mayor at the municipal election in Portland, (Me.) on Monday last, the votes were as follows: Greely (whig) 497; Cutter (whig) 599 Southgate (V. B) 702. Whig officers were elected in six out of seven wards in the city.

NEW JERSEY TOWN ELECTIONS.—In Newark, no serious opposition to the Whig ticket was attempted. In Jersey City, Whig Mayor elected. In Trenton (Inspector's election) the Whig candidates succeeded by a majority of 30 or 40; New Brunswick, 96; Princeton, 41.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Democratic party in Rhode Island have nominated Thomas F. Carpenter for Governor, and Nathaniel Bullock for Lieutenant Governor. The State election will take place in a few days.

BROOKLYN CHARTER ELECTION.—The Whigs have elected their Mayor, Mr. Smith, and carried their Council ticket in six wards out of nine. The majority for Smith is 187.

ELECTION IN CINCINNATI.—The Municipal election took place in Cincinnati on the 6th inst. The whig ticket carried by a large majority.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of whig young men will assemble at Baltimore on the first Monday in May, being the 4th of the month.

CONNECTICUT.—The returns for Governor from all the towns in Connecticut give Ellsworth 30,030, Noles 25,464; whig majority 4556.

Great Freshet in Rhode Island.—Upward of 30 Lives Lost.

We learn that there was a great overflowing of the river and tributary streams near Providence on Sunday last. In the neighboring town of Johnston, the effects of the freshet have been awful.

About 5 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, the waters had become so much swollen in the vicinity of the manufacturing village of Simmonsville, that the embankment of the reservoir gave way, and the water immediately burst forth with tremendous power and impetuosity, and many houses were carried off by the flood, and a number of lives lost—how many, however, it is impossible to ascertain; but the general impression is, that it is over twenty.

Postscript, 11½ A. M.—A gentleman direct from the spot gives the following particulars: The dams were carried away, together with two dwelling houses, the factory, a store, and part of a grist mill. The number of persons lost is upwards of thirty.

Later, 1 P. M.—Nineteen of the bodies have been found, and many of the houses are surrounded by water with the inhabitants in them, and it is impossible to get access to them, thereby preventing the possibility of rendering any assistance to the sufferers.

GERMAN POST OFFICES.—A new arrangement as to letter postage is about to take place in the German states, at the suggestion of Prussia. It seems, however, this cannot be done without buying the privilege of some twopenny Prince, the Prince of Tour and Taxis, who enjoys the privilege of the post office for a large portion of Germany.

David Crockett.

A gentleman, says the Philadelphia Ledger, who was formerly an officer in the War Department of the Texan government, has sent us a letter, which goes far to disprove the late rumor that Crockett is still alive. Our informant, Mr. Albert Lombard, says that he received an account from Mrs. Dickenson, who was an eye-witness of the massacre in which Col. Crockett is supposed to have fallen. She saw the Colonel struck down after he had succeeded in killing a number of Mexicans, who were lying in *piles* around him. Cols. Lewis, Bowie and Crockett, for some time previous, were in the habit of discoursing together on the probability of the war, and pledged themselves mutually, "to fight as long as life lasted." Mrs. Dickenson says that at the massacre just spoken of, the Mexicans run their swords and bayonets through and through the bodies of the slain, so that the idea that any of the latter should *feign* to be dead is rather improbable. The clothes of the deceased were afterward stripped off and their remains burnt. Mrs. D. escaped with life, but was robbed of all she possessed.—The above facts were communicated to Mr. Lombard by Mrs. Dickenson, who had business at his bureau, Mr. L. being engaged in making out the papers for her deceased husband's land claims.—Mr. Lombard doubts not that her information was correct, and that the brave Colonel is really dead.

ANOTHER GREAT FIRE IN MOBILE.—On the night of the 31st, Mobile was visited by another destructive fire. It broke out on the premises of Wm. H. Kelly, who occupied the greater part of one of the buildings lately erected on St. Francis near Water street, as an auction and furniture warehouse. The flames spread rapidly, and soon enveloped both of these fine buildings in flames, and penetrated through to Water street—destroying the brick building owned and occupied by Woodruff & Watkins, and a warehouse in the interior of the block, filled with glass, crockery ware, &c.

Three brick stores and warehouses were totally destroyed, with a great part of their contents.—The stores on St. Francis street were occupied, one by A. B. Howell, as a carriage repository—his loss not great—the other by Wm. H. Kelly, as a warehouse for furniture and an auction sales room. There were on the second story of the latter, counting rooms occupied by Wm. E. Bowen, George Cleveland, Jr. and Russell Stebbins & Co. This is the second time within twelve months that the last named have been burnt out.

John Bratish and John Neal.

A controversy has been going on between those two personages, on the one part, and Messrs. McIlwaine and Stille, on the other part, as to the degree of credit to which this Bratish (a foreign imposter, who has been depredating upon our community for some years,) is entitled. After many mutations, this successful rogue has reached "the jumping-off place," in the extreme down east country, and has made new demonstrations there. The multitude of bitten victims in the middle States hearing this, the Portlanders were put upon their guard: whereupon Mr. Neal comes out in the N. Y. Signal, and attempts a vindication of Bratish, and this "vindication" is met by the most plenary proof of the truth of the original charge. The resident editors of the Signal, without waiting for their eastern associate's rejoinder, if any he may have, "confess the corn," at once, and join in the denunciation. So we go! *Vive la humbug.*

VALUABLE ANTIQUE.—The Seville Journal announces that a colossal statue of the Emperor of Trajan, lately discovered there during some researches made by order of the political chief of the province, is about to be raised on the pedestal in the centre of the botanical garden.

Review of the Philadelphia market for the week ending April 9, 1840.

AMERICAN COTTON GOODS.—There is no change in prices, and the demand continues moderate.

BARK.—Further sales of Quercitron to a limited extent at $30 per ton, for 1st No. 1, and lower in proportion for other grades.

COTTON.—Prices remain unchanged. The transactions have been to a moderate extent, at from 8¼ to 10 cts per lb, according to quality, part for foreign export. The sales reach 250 bales.

COFFEE.—There has been a good demand, at full former prices. Sales of 1500 bags good to fine Rio, from a cargo just arrived, at 11¼ a 12 cts. 400 bags Rio in lots from store, at 10¼ a 11¼; 1000 bags St. Domingo for export, price not public, and some hundred bags Laguyra at 12 cts per lb, cash and 4 a 6 mos.

DRUGS & DYES.—Sales limited, at about former rates.

FISH.—Mackerel are dull, and the sales have been only by retail, at steady prices.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The receipts of Flour have been moderate this week, and holders have become firmer in their demands. Sales to a fair extent at $4,87½ to $5 per bbl, closing at $4,93 a $4,94 for export. To day holders are firm at $4,93. Sales for city use at $4,94 a $5. Sales on the Schuylkill at $4,87½ a $4,94. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are steady at $2,87½ with sales.

FRUIT.—A cargo of Sicily, was offered by auction, and 1900 boxes of Lemons were disposed of at $2,25 a $2,75 per box, 3000 boxes oranges at 90 cents to $2,75, cash a 4 mos.

GRAIN.—Wheat is scarce, but supplies are soon expected. Sales of good to prime Pennsylvania red at $1 to $1,03 per bushel, on the Schuylkill. Rye—Sales at 50 cts for Pennsylvania. Corn—Demand fair, with sales of Southern flat yellow at 51 a 51½ cts. Pennsylvania yellow at 50 cts. Oats—Last sales were at 37 cts. No supplies by water at market.

HEMP.—The demand continues limited, and the stock light. A lot of clean Russia sold at $2,40 per ton 4 mos.

HIDES.—Sales 12 a 15 bales Calcutta Kips at $1,15, each—on time.

HOPS.—Sales in a retail way, at 40 cts. per lb.

IRON.—The market continues depressed, and the demand is limited. A lot of best quality Pig Iron has been sold at $35 per ton, on time.

LEAD.—A sale of 450 pigs Missouri at $4,15 per 100 lbs. 6 mos; 1700 pigs at about the same price.

MOLASSES.—The market continues nearly bare, and the only sale we have to note is of a lot of 40 a 50 hhds New Orleans, at 30 cts. 6 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—There is no change in prices, and the sales have been confined to small parcels.

PROVISIONS.—Sales in parcels of Mess Pork at $15 50 a $16 per bbl. Bacon is steady at 10½ cts. for prime city smoked Hams. Shoulders 9, and Sides 8 cts per lb. Lard—Considerable sales of Western at 9 cts, 6 mos; and Jersey 9 cts, cash. Butter is very dull.

PLASTER.—A cargo sold at $3,25 per ton.

SUGARS.—The demand has been active, and the sales have nearly cleared all the hhd sugars out of first hands. Sales of a 900 hhds New Orleans, at from 4½ for very common to 5 5-8 cts for good quality, 4 a 6 mos. About 300 hhds common Cuba, at 6 cts. The sales show a slight decline on former rates; 100 boxes, all crop Cuba brown, at 7 cts and some white Brazil at 8½ cts. 6 mos. Box Sugars are scarce.

TEAS.—We have no sales to note. The last sale in New York went off at full former rates, except for Canton made Teas.

TOBACCO.—The receipts have been large but the demand for export continues limited for want of vessels. A small lot of fair quality Kentucky has sold at 8½ cts per lb. Demand from the trade fair.

WINES.—Sales only in small parcels, without material change in prices.

WOOL.—Market dull and depressed, and the sales unimportant.

CATTLE MARKET.—BEEVES.—The supply at John's Union Drove Yard for the week was 530 head, the greater portion of which was sold at from $5 to 7 50 per cwt.

COWS AND CALVES.—The supply at the two yards combined was 254 head, 210 of which was at Thoms on a yard, and 44 at John's, nearly all of which were sold at from $20 to $35; extra at $45. Dry cows from $10 to $14. Springers from $15 to $22.

HOGS.—There were about 300 head in market, sales of which were made at from $4 75 per cwt. to 5¼ cts per lb. extra 5½ cts per lb.

SHEEP.—The stock at Ludwig and Elliott's, over the Schuylkill, was full 750 head, which were sold at from 1 50 to $3 per head, sales of extra at $4 per head.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET.—Best Timothy Hay commands $15 a 15 50 per ton. No change in Rye Straw.—*North American.*

STOCK MARKET.

Stocks, generally are more firm than last week, with a tendency to advance in most of the local, Lehigh Stock and Bonds excepted, which have declined.

EXCHANGE on New York, 3½a5½ prem; Baltimore, par a¼ prem; Richmond, 4a4½ discount; Mobile, 2½a3½ discount; New Orleans, 2½a3 discount.

Specie, half dollars, 5 per cent. premium.

It will be seen that the rate of exchange between Charleston and Savannah is about as much in favor of the former place, as that between Philadelphia and New York, is in favor of New York.

It is said that the marked notes of the U. S. Bank, which the late Act of our Legislature exonerates it from paying, (except by the usual course of common law,) have been returned to New York and thrown in the market; this, combined with the fact that the banks to the eastward of New York are drawing for their balances has tended to increase the rates of exchange against Philadelphia.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

		price sold for.	par.
1766 shares	United States Bank.	80½a81½	100
6 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank.	55½a56	50
3 do.	North America Bank.	390	400
801 do.	Girard Bank.	39a40½	50
283 do.	Mechanics Bank.	38a38	50
7 do.	Pennsylvania Bank.	405a410	400
15 do.	Penn Township Bank.	51	50
5 do.	Northern Liberties Bank.	45	35
11 do.	Philadelphia Bank.	98	100
8 do.	Schuylkill Bank, (Auction)	7½	50
101 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	64a65½	100
201 do.	Com. & RR. Bank, Vicks.	16½a17	100
50 do.	Grand Gulf Bank.	36	100
6 do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	92½	100
1 do.	Commercial Bank Cincin.	72	100
38 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	73½	100
300 do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	119a120	100
353 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	43a43	50
126 do.	Reading RR.	35a35½	50
4 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	75a74	50
17 do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	46a47	50
10 do.	Phil. Exchange Co.	61	50
6 do.	Northern Liberty Gas Co.	55	50
2 do.	American Fire Ins.	100	100

ALMANAC.				
April, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
18 SATURDAY,	5 24	6 36	2 7	
19 SUNDAY,	5 21	6 39	2 59	D. H. M.
20 MONDAY,	5 20	6 40	4 42	
21 TUESDAY,	5 17	6 41	5 33	
22 WEDNESDAY,	5 18	6 42	6 23	New 2 10 30
23 THURSDAY,	5 16	6 44	7 45	First 9 1 21
24 FRIDAY,	5 15	6 45	8 5	Full 16 8 34
25 SATURDAY,	5 14	6 46	8 54	Last 24 6 46

MARRIED,

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, THOS. PATT, of the city of Philadelphia, to SARAH TAYLOR, of the same place.

On the evening of Thursday 29th ult. in Christ Church, Cincinnati, by the Rev. J. T. Brooke, JAMES L. TYSON, M. D. of Philadelphia, to Miss CAROLINE DRINKER.

On Thursday 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. JOHN SHEVELL, engraver of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLEN T. WALKER, of Marcus Hook, Del. county.

In Georgetown, Thursday, 9th April, by the Rev. Mr. Johns, His Excellency ALEXANDER DE BODISCO, Chamberlain of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russians, his actual Counsellor of State, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, to Miss HARRIET WILLIAMS, daughter of Brook Williams, Esq.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, Mr. CHAS. H. KRISON, to Mrs. MARGARET BORRES, both of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 5th inst. Mr. WILLIAM SHIVELL, to Miss FRANCES ROSS.

By the same, on the 9th inst. Mr. JESSE VANDERBERGH, to Miss ELIZABETH HOFFMAN.

On the 8th inst. by Elder J. L. Rowe, of Camden, N. J. Mr. JOHN H. SWEATEN, to Miss HENRIETTA HOFFMAN, all of Southwark.

On Sunday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D. D. Mr. WILLIAM B. MARIS, to ELIZABETH W. RINO, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 11th inst. by Morton McMichael, Esq. RICHARD A. STRATTON, to REBECCA ROGERS, all of Spring Garden.

April 14th, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. RICHARD BARTOW, to Miss MARY L. WILEY, both of Marcus Hook, Delaware county.

On Sunday, April 12, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Mr. DANIEL DAVERS, to Miss ELIZABETH ESSY, both of this city.

DIED,

On the 12th inst. Mr. JOHN O'DONNELL, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 13th of April, at 2½ o'clock, P. M. FRANCIS ANTHONY CHEVALIER DE GERSTNER, of Austria.

At Havana, Island of Cuba, on the 10th day of March, 1840, JOHN B. LASSALLE, Merchant, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 10th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Thomas Bond, in the 40th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. MARGARET SOCKWALT, in the 71st year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. SUSANNA CORINTH, wife of Frederick Corinth, in the 30th year of her age.

On the night of the 7th inst. after a short but severe illness, SARAH, consort of Andrew Gilmore, in the 59th year of her age.

On the 16th of March, A. D. 1840, at Stanstead, Lower Canada, very suddenly, from an affection of the heart, GEORGIA PARSONS, aged only 15 years and only daughter of Lucas Parsons, of the city of New York.

In Pottsville, very suddenly, on Tuesday morning, 7th inst. LAURENCE LAWLER, aged 44 years. Mr. Lawler was an honest, industrious and respectable citizen.

At Batavia, December 30th, 1839, WILLIAM L. PARKINSON, aged 25 years, son of George Parkinson, of this city.

On the morning of the 8th inst. after a long illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH CONDY, relict of Jonathan W. Condy, esq. in the 68th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, 9th inst. JOSEPH ASH, in the 70th year of his age.

At the residence of her uncle, John A. Brown, on the 7th inst. MARY DICKEY, daughter of Robert Dickey, of N. York, in the 15th year of her age.

On Wednesday evening 8th inst. JOHN ALEXANDER, eldest son of Jacob E. and Matilda M. Vaughan, aged 4 years.

On the 8th inst. after a lingering illness, ABRAM P. FORSBERG, in the 15th year of his age.

On Thursday, 9th inst. Mrs. ABBEY KLINE, wife of Wm. Kline, Esq. and daughter of the late Ebenezer Wyeth, of Massachusetts.

At Pittsburg, Pa. on the first of February, of consumption, Mr. WILLIAM SCULL, in the 32d year of his age, of Philadelphia.

On 2d day morning JANE BETTLE, wife of Samuel Bettle, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, 14th inst. JOHN HUGHES, in the 81st year of his age.

On fourth day, in the 90th year of his age, BENJAMIN JONES.

On Tuesday, 14th inst. Mrs. ANN MARGARET KESSLER, in the 53d year of her age.

On the 13th inst. GABRIEL, son of Benj. and Rebecca Parris, aged 9 months and 2 weeks.

Health Office, April 11, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 4th to the 11th April.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	25	26
Abscess of Brain,	1	1	—Brain,	0	1
Apoplexy,	2	0	—Bronchi,	0	1
Casualty,	0	1	—Lungs,	0	4
Croup,	0	1	—Stomach,	0	1
Congestion of Lungs,	1	0	—Bowels,	2	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	1	—Liver,	0	1
			—Trachea,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	6	—Bladder,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	1	—Heart,	2	0
Dropsy,	2	0	—Peritoneum,	1	0
—Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	0
—Head,	0	2	Mania a Potu,	1	0
—Breast,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Palsy,	1	0
—Lungs,	0	1	Poisoning,	0	1
—Womb,	1	0	Still Born,	0	4
Fever,	0	1	Spitting of Blood,	1	1
—Typhoid,	1	0	Ulceration of Bowels,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	9	Unknown,	0	2
Inflammation of Breast	0	1			
Carried over,	25	26	Total,	85—41	46

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 11 people of color, and 1 from the country, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April	5,	54	64	66
	6,	47	51	51
	7,	44	49	49
	8,	42	50	49
	9,	44	53	51
	10,	55	64	64
	11,	62	71	71

Philadelphia, April 15th, 1840.

TO Messrs. Allen Ward and Francis Mahan, Gentlemen. The undersigned a committee appointed to examine the Coats cut in accordance with a Challenge given by Francis Mahan and accepted by Allen Ward, to test by trial your relative skill in the science of Garment Cutting, respectfully make known to you that they have performed that portion of the duty allotted to them, and report the following result.

The committee met for the performance of their functions on the 13th inst. and examined the Coats cut by Francis Mahan for customers of different and peculiar forms, the coats were tried on the said customers which the committee pronounce of superior cut and good fits.

The committee bear testimony that Mr F. Mahan adhered as strictly to the letter and spirit of the challenge as was possible in the absence of his competitor, and regret that Mr. Ward *would not or did not* cut, and in default thereof, we award the victory to F. Mahan.

Signed H. N. ENGLISH, of the firm of J. F. BROWNING & Co. corner of 4th and Chesnut streets.
WM. H. SIMPSON.
ap 18—3t S. W. corner of 7th and Pine streets.

YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL, MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.—Miss E. C. CLEMONS will commence her summer session on the 6th May, to continue 22 weeks. Miss C. will be assisted this season by her sister Miss C. A. Clemons, now Principal of the Female Department of the Berlin Union Academy, North Carolina.

Instrumental and Vocal Music will receive particular attention. Latin, French, Mathematics, and the usual branches of an English education will be thoroughly taught. Milford is a beautiful town, about twelve miles from N. Haven. A limited number of young ladies can board with the teachers in the family of the Rev. M. Fraim. Price of board $1 per week. Tuition per quarter $4. Higher branches of Mathematics, Latin and French $5. Music on the Piano $10 extra. Refers to
Rev. M. PINNEO, Milford.
Rev. LEONARD BACON, New Haven.
CHAUNCEY P. HOLCOMB, Esq. Philadelphia.
ap 18—3t

SPRING VILLA SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Bordentown, N. J.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday the 22d of April.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a complete and thorough education. The principal features of this Institution, however, consists in its being essentially a French school; the pupils being required to use the French language in their intercourse with each other, and with their teacher, both in and out of the school room, they are thus enabled to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that beautiful idiom, without any detriment to the English branches.

The Musical Department, which is under the care of Mr. E. R. Hansen, a gentleman who joins great professional ability to twenty years' experience, receives also more than usual attention. As the improvement of the pupils depends chiefly on regularity and assiduity in practising, there resides in the Institution an assistant teacher, whose duty is to be constantly in the music rooms, superintending the practice, and aiding the scholars in the difficulties they may meet with.

The property occupied by this Seminary is a delightful Villa, formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and situated immediately opposite that gentleman's park. In point of comfort and beauty, it is certainly not surpassed by any similar establishment in the country.

The number of pupils is limited to forty. No day scholars are received. There are now a few vacancies, and parents or guardians desirous of obtaining a situation for their daughters or wards, may apply either personally or by mail, to A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.

**** Catalogues containing terms, regulations, system of education &c. may be found at the store of H. Perkins, 134 Chesnut street, Philadelphia; and for information concerning the character of the school, and the estimation in which it is held, reference is made to the following persons, who with the exception of one, have had, or now have, daughters or wards under Mr. G's care.

Niagara Falls N. Y. Judge Samuel De Veaux.
Ogdensburg N. Y. Mrs. R. Arnold.
New York City, Mrs. Doane, 178 Broadway.
Bordentown, N. J. Capt. Edw. McCall, U. S. N., Rev. B. R. Hall, John L. McKnight.
Philadelphia, Judge Jos. Hopkinson, Walnut above 13th street; William Lovatt, 195 south 4th street; R. W. Dunlap, City Hotel; John Naglee, corner of Brown and Front street.
Lancaster, Pa. Hon. James Buchanan.
Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon co. Pa. John Reynolds.
Bedford, Pa. Mrs. Nancy Kerns.
Sunbury, Northumberland co. Pa. E. Greenough, Mrs. Rebecca Phillippe.
Camden, Del. Jonathan Jenkins.
Paynesville, Amelia county, Va. John T. Jeter, Dr.
Newbern, N. C. John F. Burgwyn.
Onslow Court House, Onslow co. N. C. David W. Sanders.
Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C. Gen. Wm. L. Hill.
Waynesborough, N. C. Dr. Buckner Hill.
Wilmington, N. C. Col. John D. Jones.
Charleston, S. C. Dr. Dalyman.
St. Louis, Mo. John Deane.
St. Augustine, Florida, M. H. Tucker. ap 11—3m

BARTRAM BOTANIC GARDEN and NURSERY near Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia. R. CARR respectfully informs the public, and the customers of this old Garden, that since the death of his son, he has taken into partnership his nephew, GEORGE GALE and DANIEL McAVOY, and that in future the business will be conducted under the firm of CARR, McAVOY & GALE, who have now in their nursery the finest assortment of FRUIT TREES in this country, with every variety of ornamental trees and shrubs, and a great collection of Green House Plants, which will be sold on moderate terms.

☞ Orders, per mail, or left at the Stalls, corner of Market and Seventh streets, and corner of Market and Fourth streets, will be promptly attended to, and plants packed in such manner as to insure their safe carriage to any part of the United States. ap 11—3t

ASTONISHING INCREASE!

FOUR THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN TWO MONTHS!!!

When we first purchased the old and well known establishment of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, we stated that the paper circulated so widely among the steady, reading portion of the United States, that we entered upon our labors with full confidence of the future. Our success has since been beyond our most sanguine expectations, as our

WEEKLY RECEIPTS

overbalance those of *any cotemporary paper*. Our list has continued to swell up, with unexampled rapidity, and we have the confidence that at the present rate of increase we shall be enabled in a few months to boast of more than

☞35,000 SUBSCRIBERS!☜

When we commenced our labors, we announced distinctly, that the tone of the paper should be decidedly *moral*, and that nothing should be admitted into our columns which the most fastidious father could disapprove of and determined that as an approved

FAMILY PAPER,

it should not contain a paragraph, with the spirit of which a parent would not wish to have a daughter familiar, and we therefore, with this view, announced that

NO THEATRICAL NOTICES

should appear in our columns, and that we should be

OPPOSED TO THEATRES,

as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind,—as creative of exhibitions demoralizing in tendency and fearfully pernicious in fact. There were not wanting blusterers, who made a great parade of opposition, and Croakers, who predicted our speedy downfall, but we threw ourselves upon the sober, rational and experienced portion of the people of the United States for support, and we have been

NOBLY SUSTAINED.

We thought and expressed the opinion, that however careless many might be upon this subject, that few, even if they did not entirely disapprove of such entertainments, cared about having the gross details forever paraded before the eyes of their children and the sickening, and nauseating eulogy of all kinds of characters made familiar to their minds.

We determined also, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly NEUTRAL IN POLITICS, and that as news and literary journalists we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers such public documents as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

The paper is now printed in a new and beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

In addition to these efforts toward perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, no labor, and no cost has been spared in the development of intellectual strength. The greatest variety of interesting tales, original, from foreign and domestic magazines, together with the valuable contributions of our own circle of literary friends will continue to give interest to the paper, while every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or the New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

THE FARMERS,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

News, Memoranda, Tables, Facts, Hints, &c.

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved, that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be so conducted, as to

SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with *quack advertisements*, but prefer giving our readers from week to week,

ENTERTAINING READING MATTER.

And we feel assured that we shall be no losers thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filled with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5. To those who wish to subscribe for a Philadelphia Magazine, we will furnish a copy of the Philadelphia Casket, and two copies of the Post for one year for $5 free of postage and discount.

NO NEW SUBSCRIBER RECEIVED WITHOUT THE MONEY.

To those who wish to subscribe we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough so to do, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish an exchange will please copy, and forward a number of their paper marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.—TO PARENTS—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use, for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half, and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one tea spoonful will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children, in half an hour and an hour. The lives of hundreds of children will be saved annually, by always keeping it on hand ready for every emergency. Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7½ Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

HOLMESBURG BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—To commence April 6th 1840. In this Seminary will be taught Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book Keeping by Single and Double Entry, English Grammar, Geography, Ancient and Modern, with the use and delineation of Maps, Ancient and Modern History, Composition, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Practical Surveying, and a general course of Mathematics.

Painting on Paper in various styles, Bronzing, Gilding, &c.

The terms of admission will be $22 per quarter, of 12 weeks, payable in advance, for Boarding and Tuition, and $2 for Washing and Mending.

Pupils to furnish their own towels.

Stationary supplied at city prices.

Two weeks vacation will be given in September and two in April. WALTER M. HIBBS.

REFERENCES.
Rev. F. W. Beasley, Holmesburg.
Michael Everett, No. 210 North Third st. Philadelphia.
L. W. Glenn, No. 84 South Third st. opposite Exchange.
Chas. Everett, S. W. corner of Fourth and Chesnut sts.
Daniel Murphy, Frankford Road, Kensington.
Thomas W. Bailey, Augusta, Georgia. mar 28—5t*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures ASTHMA; two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, with Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, and other pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. Prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. ap 11—3m

FORTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Was stolen from the subscriber, on the night of the 25th ult. living in Lower Providence, Montgomery county, Pa. 1 bay horse, 11 years old, about 15 hands high, stout neck, with some white in his face, and some white on all of his feet.

Also, a bay mare, 8 years old, about 15 hands high, two hind feet white, a long heavy switch tail, always showing a cross disposition when approached. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the horses and the conviction of the thief, or fifteen dollars a piece for the horses alone, if returned to the owner, or if left at the Black Horse Inn, Market street, between 11th and 12th streets, Philadelphia. GEORGE HIGHBY. ap 4—3t*

MORUS MULTICAULIS.—The subscriber is authorised to exchange Real Estate for Morus Multicaulis. CHARLES CADWALLADER.
mar 28, 1840. No. 239 Market street.
N. B. Wanted experienced silk worm feeders. nov 2—1f

SPRING MILLINERY.—Misses Johnson, No. 99 Chesnut street, have received by the late Havre packets, their Spring Millinery, which they opened on Thursday, April 2. ap 4—3t*

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!! The wigmakers have declared hostilities against our neighbor, Dr. Jayne, on account of his HAIR TONIC, which is knocking all their business into a "cocked hat." Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, are flocking to the Doctor's standard. Heads long divested of even the first rudiments of hair, after using his Hair Tonic, soon appear with new and flowing locks, which Absalom himself might have envied. Beardless boys are seen with large and bushy whiskers, and ladies smile again through their own raven ringlets, more beautiful and bewitching than ever. Bald heads are doffing their wigs and throwing them to the "moles and the bats," while the whigmakers stand aghast as they behold the demolition of their business.

What will be the consequence of this war we know not, as the wiggers are outrageous, and the Doctor remains firm, and "declares that 'some things can be done as well as others,' and that BALD HEADS may as well wear their own hair as that of other people."—*Weekly Messenger.*

☞ It may be had of Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1. ap 11—3m

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

I Wandered by the Brook Side.

BY R. S. SHARP.

I wandered by the brook side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still
There was no burr of gristmopper,
No clurp of may here—
But the hurting of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long hang cheek,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a foot-fall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on her golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheeks,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind!
It drew me into stillness,
We did not speak a word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard!

NATIONAL PREPOSSESSION.—When a celebrated Scotch nobleman was once ambassador to the Court of France—King Louis was always very desirous to learn from him the character of his native, trite jeucie on men.

"Well, my Lord," cried the King, "how would an Englishman be found after a hard fought field?"

"Oh! sleeping away the fatigues of the day," replied the Ambassador.

"Very prudently," rejoined his Majesty.—"And the Irish?"

"Oh, he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day."

"Good! good!" laughed out the Royal Lions.

"And now, though last not least in glory's annals, your own countryman—the bonny Scot"—

"Why, your Majesty, I ken Sandy's humor—he'd be just during his bone, perhaps, and thinking of the affair he could nae."

WELLBORNE.—"That bumper at parting," as the man said when he ran against a post.

"Well this beats me out," as the tyo said when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

"Going on my own book," as the butcher said when he hung himself in his own shop.

"I've got a fine stomach," as the Anaconda said after swallowing a couple of lions.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.—Sir Fletcher Norton, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of matrimonial rights, once unfortunately got to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person; I myself have two little maidens." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

A SMALL MISTAKE.—An old gentleman of eighty four, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about fifteen, the ceremony over he said to her, "Now, my dear, you are a happy man." "Why so?" inquired the doctor. "Because," said the bride, "my nerves have any of your bad work returned upon your hands."

YANKEE WIT.—A jockey at the Maine races, *England*, asked an emigrant Yankee if they had any such remarkably swift horses in America? "Swift" said Jonathan, "why I guess we have—I have a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat!"

A PREPARATORY STUDY.—Before any man sets out to invent perpetual motion, we recommend his practising the trick of getting into a basket and lifting himself by the handles. When he succeeds at that, he can go a head with perpetual motion with prospects of success.

TO BE AN OPERA like a celebrated poet. Because its finale.

TO BE a rod hot poker like another celebrated poet? Because it BARS.

OLD MAIDS.—There is a place down in Virginia where old maids never get to be under thirty, five. They live up to that age and then begin back at twenty-five; and so finally go out of the world as fresh and fair as a pumpkin blossom.

CUTTING.—When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company for I am always unfortunately dull and stupid." "You are much to be pitied, then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

A QUEER PARTNERSHIP.—"I say, stranger, you're drunk." "Drunk enough; and have been so every day these two years. My brother and I are engaged in the temperance cause—he's gone about delivering lectures, and I give samples of temperance."

CURIOUS.—Mr. Gilman, in her Hosmeike's *Almanack for 1844*, says: "It is a curious fact in Natural History that it is only female mosquitoes which are the tormentors of mankind."

FROM having been the dupe of his credulity, a friend told him—"I have more confidence in persons than don't know." "Why, at that rate, replied the Prior, "you would not trust your own father."

INTERFERANCE.—Shakspeare has well described the good-natured disposition, and that obliging which it produces in the mental composition of an individual, by saying—"Now a *sensible man*; by and by, a *fool*; and presently a *beast*."

A CHARGE.—When Clarke asked, in Sweden, what incumbent of a benefice who fell down, dead of an iron must that he visited, "Because of her" said the man to whom he put the question, stricken by the funereal: "the man rode terribly upon the high, who became a pumoke!"

ATTIC.—A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know no reason," replied he, "except the usual regard we have for each other."

IRISH BULL.—I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah, honey, an' is'nt it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, that I'm writing a loud letter."

FORCIBLY ARGUABLE.—To find yourself married, and single at one with, but to all her relations, for a hundred miles round!

HOW TO WIT A FRIEND.—Lend him your money.

HOW TO LOSE A FRIEND.—Ask him to return it.

ENIGMA.

With cool, my friend, I like your mind—
Your fireside is your only fireside indeed;
There you and I are friends most true,
For I am in most, and so are you!

LUCK.—No such good luck for me," as the woman said when her neighbor's husband died.

In Massachusetts they have ceased to numerate old maids. They reckon them by the acre.

MARIAN BOWER.

In the year 1548, a fisherman having landed in front of the palace of St. Mark, crossed this enchanted place, and stopped before the door of an inn, on which was very roughly painted a Turk impaled on his vessel. The man was tall and athletic—his dark complexion and brown hair had that waves curling indicative of strength and intelligence, so peculiar to the inhabitants of southern countries; but his eyes had lost their animated expression, and thoughts of a most painful nature bowed down the head of this robust gondolier.

On entering the tavern, he perceived in the most obscure corner of the room, a stranger, who appeared buried in deep meditation. He too, had one of those manly and imposing countenances which denote much energy. His expression first reflected the flames of a thousand ardent passions, and there was seen inconsistible signs of the brilliant mission which God had given him. His dress was simple in the extreme. A leather belt and trunk-hose of black velvet covered his muscular limbs; a silk cap sloped out over the temples, and while the rest of his head under the chin according to the fashion of the times, partly concealed a luxuriant head of hair, the ringlets of which a little verging on the grey, fell negligently over his neck.

"Giustiniu!" said the gondolier, addressing a man with a beautiful chest and a red face, who was walking about the tavern, "do you still persevere in your refusal?"

"I do!" answered the Venetian.

"I am sorry to become your son-in-law, too I not? Before you consider the happiness of your daughter, you think of her fortune. But to persuade Jacopo, Giustiniu, come well to your mind the debt which is due to me? Have you forgotten that I saved your life at Lepanto, when all Venice, men, women, and children, turned to defend the Republic against the soldiers of Barbarossa? Do you know, that reared with Marie, we swore from our infancy that neither of us should ever belong to another, and renewed this oath when our age gave to our attachment strength and solidity? Do you wish to cause both her misery and mine? Are you a Doge to be so ambitious? Are you a patrician to be so ungrateful?"

"No, but I am rich, Barbarigo."

"And I shall become so, Giustiniu; I have vigorous arms, an enterprising mind, courage, youth, and confidence in God; fortune may, besides, come and seat herself in my gondola."

"A lunatic's dream!" said the tavern-keeper.

"Who knows?" replied the fisherman, "Jacopo di Medicis was a shop-keeper; Francis Sforza was a coward. Why should I not be a general?"

"Because, for three men whom the Almighty favors, there are thousands he disdains, Barbarigo. One thing is certain, that I will never be the father-in-law of a man whose only fortune is a barque with sails. It would be better for Marie."

"To be sold to a patrician, than be the wife of an honest gondolier. You would rather she would sleep in the lap of degraded opulence, than live obscurely, but respected?"

"Obscurely, Mario has attracted the attention of the nephew of the procedure; this young lord paid me a visit, and offered me——"

"To marry her!"

"Not exactly—as popular as the Venetian aristocracy aspires to become, they do not make so free with their heraldry."

"To purchase her, then!" replied Barbarigo: "I must influence: and would you, then, sell the honor of your daughter, Giustiniu?"

The stranger was had listened with much curiosity to the conversation of these two Venetians, rose from his seat, and laying his hand on the shoulder of Barbarigo, "Gondolier," said he, "Marie shall be your wife."

"Never!"

"Sir Jew, if this man bring you 4000 pistoles on the marriage portion?"

"I!" then, Barbarigo should be my son-in-law, and I would join the diamond with a pistole that not reflect, Signor, that this poor boy's only property are the four planks of his gondola, and that unless he obtain durch signori——"

"No such luck; but I promise, you shall have that soon before night."

"But where shall I take it from, Signor the unstirred the surprised gondolier.

"Not from the pocket of my doublet, my brave fellow, for I am not much richer than a baroness. There is so much money in circulation between Florence and Venice, that I should not find there a trabb. But be not afraid, my poverty is the action of prudence, and one about like yours was as gold, as soon as my benevolence has emptied it."

Whilst talking thus, the stranger opened his port folio, he took out a parchment and spread it on the table, in the space of a few minutes he drew a hand with such marvellous skill, that although perfectly ignorant of the art, the gondolier could not help uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"Here," said the unknown artist, giving to the fisherman the hasty drawing, "take this parchment to Pierre Bembro, who is now in the palace of St. Mark; tell him that a painter, destitute of money, wishes to sell it for 4000 pistoles."

"4000 pistoles!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper, in the utmost surprise, "that man is crazy. I would not give one crown for such stuff."

In the course of an hour the gondolier returned, with the print that was asked, to which the secretary of Lod'X. had joined a letter requesting the artist in the warmest terms, to honor him with a visit.

The next day, Maria and Barbarigo were united in the church of St. Stephens.

The stranger wished to contemplate the beginning of their happiness by being present at their nuptials; and when the priest pronounced their joy, and penetrated with gratitude, entreated him to tell his name, he answered that he was called Michael Angelo.

Twenty years after this little incident, Antonio Barbarigo, by one of those extraordinary chances, which God only ordains, possesses the secret, was promoted to the rank of General of the Venetian Republic. But however interesting to the future historian, was the secret of Barbarigo's fortune, he did not forget his illustrious benefactor; and, when Buonarotti died at Rome, after a magnificent eulogy, and the most brilliant career ever known to an artist, the former gondolier, with his own hand, wrote under the Latin epitaph composed by the celebrated Bembo, these words, full of fervor, and two lines of gratitude which time has respected and which may still be seen on the mausoleum of the great man.

Sic to the memorial chef d'œuvre, the work of a few minutes, it was brought from Italy in the cartridge box of one of Bonaparte's corporals.

A Morne Reverang.

The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with sights and portents so sublime as nay the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week, was succeeded by light baffling puffs; as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the spy that were assembling in the tempest, those inferior blasts were preparing to make room for its reign. The clouds, too, were whirling about to ascertain coldness; many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves, in the meantime, were not to be moved; they lay in a long, glassy undulation, which no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upward like fiery monsters suddenly checked in their mad career. The coral order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the most heaving themselves upward without order, and frequently without any visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influences of science still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptoms of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of contending williams. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvas reduced, she too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing" nearly helpless among the tumultuous waves. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well supported masts, and all the magnificent and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator putting forth his strength in the extremity that was at hand. "This is an extraordinary scene," said Eric, who clung to her father's arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and awe; "a grand exhibition of the sublimity of nature."—Cooper.

They Are but Dust.

BY S. WOOD.

They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Each shadow, tone, or grief had power
To cause that dream away
They've seen the rose of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight;
But never more to them their eyes
Can come a dream so bright.

They met but once,—a day was all,
Of hours a young spring-time gave,
And still that hearts that day recall
As flesh at thirst a wave.

Sweet dreams of youth!—oh ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
Time hath so much and wasting thee,
Or see what it is now.

For, youth, the spell was only thine,
From thee alone its enchantment flows
That makes the world around thee shine
With sight thyself bestows.

They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so much and wasting then,
Or see what it is now.

Love.

The following eloquent passage is floating about without credit. It is too rich a prize to be passed over with notice. Hackneied as the subject is, it is one in which every body is interested, and which is liable to be treated in a dull and indescribable beauty. On its brilliant surface were painted inimitable pictures of light and life. Graceful clouds floated in the bosom of the mimic sky, and a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of the most beautiful description. A creation as bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before, but a wave of the air broke the charm, and the fairy vision vanished as quickly as it was gone. It was like the dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the heart and the eye of his visionary enchantress—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovered a long nourished affection to be mutual. The eyes, as the mirror of the infinity of space, has not a greater influence upon the ocean tide, than the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—nor prevailing it is not the down in a state of temporary tranquility—and now boiling it heaves and swell by the magic of the vacrious power. Wicked it what would be world! As a creation without light. Yet possessing it as we do, how does it discompose the sentient planet of reason and how the infirm bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath! It is poetry and thought where ever it comes, and unbidden thrones, or wanders away in happy dreams It is scarcely to be forgiven, for it aspects in a perpetual halo of soft and watching light, which dazzles while it fascinates. It is sweeter than all to spend what sunshine is to flowers, luring the fragrance from its bosom and bringing out all the beauty of its character. It is the spell that wakes to the slumbering fate, passing over the silent chords till it doth discourse most elegant music.

Two Reasons for Love.

Love, it is said, is not merely a passion of the soul, but it is also a disease of the body like fever, or the small pox. It is a fever that can be cured it may be treated as methodically as any other disorder. Great perspiration, and copious bleedings, that carry away with them the inflam mable spirit, would effect a recovery.

The Great Conde, being felt a violent passion for Mademoiselle de Vigean, was consulted to cure the young lady. While the violence of the passion was continually nourished by the tender recollection of love, and by the intercourse of a mutual acquaintance, the physician knew that when a dangerous sickness brought him to the most imminent danger. To the violence of his illness tendence were applied, and among those most efficacious in physic was given to the Prince. He regained his health, but he lost his love, the strength of his tenderness had cured that of his passion; and when he thought him self's lover, he found that he had ceased to love.

He, however, needed a remedy to draw out the insinuating God. Master Cupid, and his efficacious for a despairing swain, which will probably amuse our readers.

A German gentleman felt an amorous flame for a German princess. She was not insensible to a reciprocal passion; and to have him about her person without exciting suspicion, she took him her general. They lived some time most pleased with each other; but the princess became jealous, and the gentleman, by his gallantry and sharp remonstrances; the princess, who wished to be free, gave him his range, and he was constrained to quit her. But his passion was not less increased; he felt that he could not live out of her presence, and he intended to order privately into the chest. The princess ordered it to be opened, and her eyes "flashed lightning," and she condescended to give no other answer to his tender appeals, than a command to withdraw instantly from her royal presence. The gentleman, full of love declared he was ready to obey her; but that, that rather than quit her beloved presence he preferred to die by her hand. Incensed ing his naked sword to the disdainful princess, he bade her, rather than drive him from her presence, to strike him to his heart, that he could live alone for her; and the princess, being instigated by the devil or love for another—pretty much the same thing—in a fierce woman—took him at his word and run him through the body! Fortunately his wound did not prove mortal: he got well at the end of three months, and likewise was cured of his passion, which flowed away with the effusion of blood.

It would appear by the foregoing, that enforcing and philosophy liberally bestowed, are certain antidotes for the tender passion; and that than Cupid therefore is as much at the mercy of the physician as the doctor is at the mercy of Cupid.

We would advise our cunning physicians to turn their attentions to this. Thousands of lovely creatures die prematurely of a disease which they cell the tender passion. How much the mind is effected by the state of the body every one knows. A word to the wise.

The following cure for love, which happened to a friend of ours, is to the point. Tom A. was deeply in love with Miss B., a very handsome girl, of figure and face, but wretchly deficient of what is for supreme, feeling and good sense.—Tom could not see this—to him she was a goddess—Master Dan; he could think of nothing, talk of nothing, dream of nothing but the beautiful Miss B: her slender waist: her beautiful foot: her black eyes: her pretty feet: her rounded form: her pearly teeth: her *easy* cheeks: her cocoa nose!—in short, she was perfection's self!—she stood alone in the world, like primitive Eve in Paradise!—Miss B. was the only woman on earth she could make him happy!—Poor Tom! The lady was coy—the gentleman persevering. He was her shadow—she flirted, smiled, simpered—he waved, protested, languished.

Thus they went on some weeks, till Tom was beside himself. He was cured then, walking in the fields with the idol of his heart, in company with a female, extremely plain, but of good figure, great good sense and warm imagination. They were attacked by a bull. The fair Miss B. screamed with terror and affright, took to her heels, and with the assistance of her devoted admirer, escaped over a fence, at the risk of her life, and with the infliction of several severe wounds on her protector from the horns of the enraged animal, who would have assisted poor Tom but for the assistance of a friend of his "lady love," who, by the opening and shutting of her parasol, drew the bull's attention to herself, and the proprietor of the animal and his servants coming up at the moment, they were both preserved from the annihilation with which the enraged brute had threatened them. Tom, sore, maimed and bleeding, looked about for his "lady love," but she had found shelter in a cottage, where by the assistance of his friend and her servants, he soon found her. Miss B. expressed no commiseration for her sufferings; tendered him no thanks for her escape; nor offered any assistance whatever to stanch the blood from his wounds or alleviate his sufferings.

Not so with her friend Miss C. her handkerchief, her smelling bottle, and a thousand little attentions which the heart of sympathy knows so well how to administer, were heaped by her upon the sufferer. Tom was placed in a couch; his "lady love," complained of sickness and fatigue, that she could not bear to look at Mr. A. and requested that a coach should be procured for her especial use, that she might return home. Tom, supported by the lady's friend, was driven to his home; and, after a week of pain, and the loss of his bodily, was abroad once more; but he was cured of his love for the beautiful Miss B.; and ere three years had past in which the beautiful Miss B. escaped from the ball, the plain young lady, her friend, became Mrs. A. Miss B. took to her bed —was very ill for some weeks—resigned in the end by despair, (bleeding and medicine) recovered; and in sheer spite to herself, married the first man who made her an offer; although, as she confessed after, she should love Mr. A. to the last moment of her life!

Perspirations and bleedings, therefore, are sure remedies for love; and we suggest them to all sorts of young ladies and gentlemen, the former especially, dying of the "tender passion."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"Come genial Spring."—TOMPSON.

Spring is coming,
Soon are seasoning
Notes of sweetest musicality;
Flowers are springing,
Perfume shedding
Over the mountain, vale and hill.

Beautiful dancing,
Fashions glancing
On these wants of glittering gold—
Gentle beauty,
Heaven sighing,
Such as taken by heavenly fold.

Forests waving,
Rivers laving,
Cattle bold and cottage rude—
Music swelling,
Heart beating,
From her woodland solitude.

Groves are bending,
Beauty bending,
To the glen and rock's way—
Currents leaping
Wild vines creeping,
Nature on her holiday.

Ladies are singing
Silence keeping
Voice of their naivety tale;
Hearts are moving,
Red rose blooming
Fragility of the sentiment side.

Nature singing,
Rapture bringing
Harmony on every string—
Hour is near,
A subject of praise,
Welcome, welcome gentle spring

Philadelphia, 1844. S. B.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

How to Reduce your Household Expenses.

"My dear, I want some money for a shopping tour." "My love, I cannot indulge you. I do not sail often." "Only six times a week." "That is but once a day at any rate;—but if I cannot have it, I cannot." I suppose I can forge through the summer with the spring fashions."

The discussion had become somewhat in earnest —and half a pout gently curled the young wife's lip, but she hesitated not long to follow the advice of her husband, and from that hour in a studied but chastened of the domestic exchequer, and keeper of the purse.

"Now," said she, "I can manage to find gowns all comfortable, and, still do your own private shopping—try it. Here is precisely the sum I have used weekly for household expenses, and it must be made to last upon system."

The little wife soon discovered that the price of beef was abominable, and provided a cheaper substitute. But Leon was no longer deceived—at last three times a week, and soon very worthy commissaries, Messrs. Mutton, Lamb, and Veal, were raised to the rank of friends. Mrs. Miller's Glazer's fare was put in requisition, and the table was placed occasionally with very clever simulations of the forbidden delicacies of pudding, pie, and domestic confectionary and fancy bread filled up the corner dishes. Leon was astonished, and began to see not to be forgotten in a family not actually starving.

"But how did they live?" Most comfortably. The husband declared that he never fared so well in his life—but asked no questions. The wife wanted nothing but time to go shopping on. Wonderful to relate, the household expenses fell off, and the money she managed to abstract, and still leave no apparent feature in the daily fare, would have astonished any one of the genteel dupes of servants of our friend Uncle Sam.

Bargaining in one department taught the lady to bargain in others. Having no occasion to go shopping for amusement, she went just twice in the week, for actual purchases; and these she made with the utmost care. The more she got of a shopkeeper, the more she got of his custom. A shrewd shopkeeper, or a dry goods clerk, did not endure her to jollies an article worth an hundred per cent more than he did. She gained them down to their facts and figures, and made her purchases as if she wished to save money, rather than spend what she had, and vanish her husband. By degrees she became a reliable creature in all that is deemed essential to the growth and maturity of any crop. When Leon was told how much more economical and domestic this course was considered conducive to the health of the neighborhood, imbibing or neutralizing, like a magnet, the noxious vapors that floated around, a cause sanitar, that is, vegetable or animal, is impassible as a sail. It is the food of plants.—Let even that of rotten fowls, and of cows dead, and in too highly matured grounds, and is often insalable, or infertile, till mixed with larger portions of earthly matters, or brought in contact with fermenting materials.

3. When there is perceived to be a deficiency of sand, clay, or lime in a soil, the defect may be remedied, and permanent improvement effected, by an admixture of the deficient element or elements. When there is an excess of either, it can only be remedied by a similar but more tedious process. Thus a load of clay, properly blended with an arid sand,—or a load of sand mixed with a stubborn clay, or a few bushels of build lime, or marl, or ashes, upon a soil deficient in calcareous earth, often prove of more ultimate benefit than a load of barn-yard manure. But,

6. Both lime and dung, the latter in for the greatest proportion, are taken up and consumed by the growing crop; and if the crops are not consumed upon the field, so that their principal elements return again directly to the soil, the land must be periodically replenished with them, or it will soon become deficient in them elements of fertility.

7. The sand and clay of the soil may be likened, in their offices, to the stomach of the animal —the recipient of food; the lime and salts to the gastric juices, which facilitate the digestive process in the animal stomach, and to the condiments, as salt, &c. which we employ to stimulate the digestive organs and promote health; and the organic matters to the soil to the food which feeds and fattens the animal.

8. If the crops grown upon a soil are permitted to decay upon, and return again to it, its fertility will not be diminished, but rather improved. It is upon this principle that the Flemings have converted sterile lands into fertile ones. They plant the lands, and a few years the soil becomes so enriched by the foliage of the trees, as to afford, after the wood is cleared off, tolerable crops, and the residence of greater improvement. But when the crop is carried off, and nothing returned, deterioration must take place—the food for the vegetables must undergo a gradual nutritional diminution.—This is a plain exposition of the cause of lands *wearing out*; and at the same time of the means of preventing such a calamity.

9. All the elements of a good soil being present, its fertility, and consequent profit, will in a measure depend upon its exemption from an excess of water, which the lime is a good restrainer, but a bad master. This excess may arise from springs and springs bursting up from below—from surface waters, when the ground is level, or nearly so, setting and reposing upon a tenacious soil or subsoil, or from waters flowing from higher lands, and thus causing the injurious effect of drowning.—We do not know of any farm-crop which thrives upon a soil habitually wet, either upon the surface or below it, within the natural range of the culture. Water meadows and rice grounds profit by periodical floodings, but they are injured by habitual wetness.

KOERNER,

The Poet Hero of Germany, who fell fighting against Napoleon,

BY A. G. BURRETT.

Among the gallant young men of Germany, who rushed to arms in their country's cause at the memorable epoch to which I have alluded, there was one who deserves to be particularly mentioned in an address on German literature, from his early and precocious patriotism at a time when almost every well educated youth was a patriot and a soldier, but as one of the leading representatives of the most recent literature of his country. I allude to Koerner, the admired and lamented Tyrtæus of this new crusade in the cause of liberty. Koerner was a native of Vienna, of easy fortune and honorable connexions. In the bloom of youth he had already won distinction by his efforts in poetry, and had formed an union with the object of his passionate attachment, which left nothing to desire in his prospect of happiness. Life opened before him like a long vista of enchantment, and nothing could check his determined zeal in the cause of independence and liberty. In vain his literary friends, his fond parents, and his affianced bride, strove to combat himself by sustaining the cause with his pen. His reply was that of the gallant and generous martyr of Bunker's Hill when urged by the council of war on the morning of the battle not to expose his person in the approaching strife. "I should be ashamed," he said, "to be safe at home at home in the bosom of my family while my companions and my friends were exposing their lives in the cause." Koerner raised a corps of light cavalry and joined the army, where he distinguished himself greatly in the eventful campaigns of the last years of the war. In one of the most fatal of these, he received a wound, from which he suffered to depart; but these from whom it was thought any thing could be extracted, were out of with unrelenting severity. Robed, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in cones, together with some other gentlemen, to be tried by a court martial composed of assistant-assassins.

The object of these was to state, for the satisfaction of their tyrannic who would not condemn the accused, that they had been guilty of high treason, and that the proofs were clear and manifest. Koerner was not suffered to remain in the country at whatever time he chose the remedies applicable to their case, but was hurried off to the capital, and there incarcerated in a damp cell, without fire, and with only a single pane of glass to admit the light. Here he was left for a month, with no other food than bread and water, till at length the intercession of the friends of humanity, and the remonstrances of the more moderate Germans, prevailed on the tyrant to remove the prisoner into a more comfortable apartment, where he was allowed to see his friends, and to receive their visits. Among those who were permitted to see him was his affianced bride, who, with the consent of her parents, was united to him in the prison of the dungeon, a chamber known by the fearful name of the black hole. Even for a single European misdemeanor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square.—The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the common receptacle for the vilest of the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls, and a connected waving of fans. The unfortunate prisoners were one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined the soldiers were joking, and, being in high spirits on account of the pardon, they entered the place in the most intimate friend.

Among the prisoners was Koerner. He was at first extremely, had retained some promise of mind, offered large bribes for the use of pen and ink. Anxious, that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and would be angry if any one dared to awake him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair.—They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for a few drops of water in which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed —completed the guards in fits of mirth. Then, gentler feelings sometimes held their place in the hearts and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in long gasps and moanings. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the survivors could come to the air. The stench of the dead bodies was intolerable, and for only with great and water, till at length the intercessions of the friends of humanity could be obtained for the removal of the Englishwoman had survived the night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince of Moorshedabad.—*Edinburg Review.—Life of Lord Clive.*

A person in company speaking of a gentleman not remarkable for his sanity, said, he did not like his manners. "He manners" cried a lady, "I never knew he had any."

"I never betrayed a friend's confidence," said one "but I wished to do so, on several occasions." "Very true," was the answer, "for you were never entrusted with it."

HARD MEASURE CONSIDERATION.—The St. Louis Reporter, speaking of a lady's singing, says:

"Miss Mc——, sung, though not exactly to clear and sweet, and she executed music at discretion."

Why in a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always look for it in the paper.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—Cures in from twenty minutes to twenty-four hours, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Backache, Pain in the Side, Chest or Limbs, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Croup, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Piles, Worms, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Erysipelas, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sea Sickness, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Fever and Ague, and all Fevers (Scarlet, Typhus, Bilious, Yellow, Spotted, &c.) Internal Inflammation, Ulceration and Irritation of the Mucous Membranes, Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism, Nervous Affections, Debility, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dizziness, Nausea, Heartburn, Flatulency, Spasms, Sick Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Affections, Ulcerations, Erysipelas, Eruptions of the Skin, Boils, Tumors, Cancers, Syphilis, Mercurial Affections, Secondary Symptoms, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Ringworm, Scald Head, Mange, Pimples, Blotches, Blains, Chapped Hands, Scurf, Dandruff, Barber's Itch, Incipient Consumption, Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Typhus Fever, Typhoid Fever, Yellow Fever, Scarlet Fever, Spotted